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A MARVEL® SUPER SPECIAL

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# KRULL™



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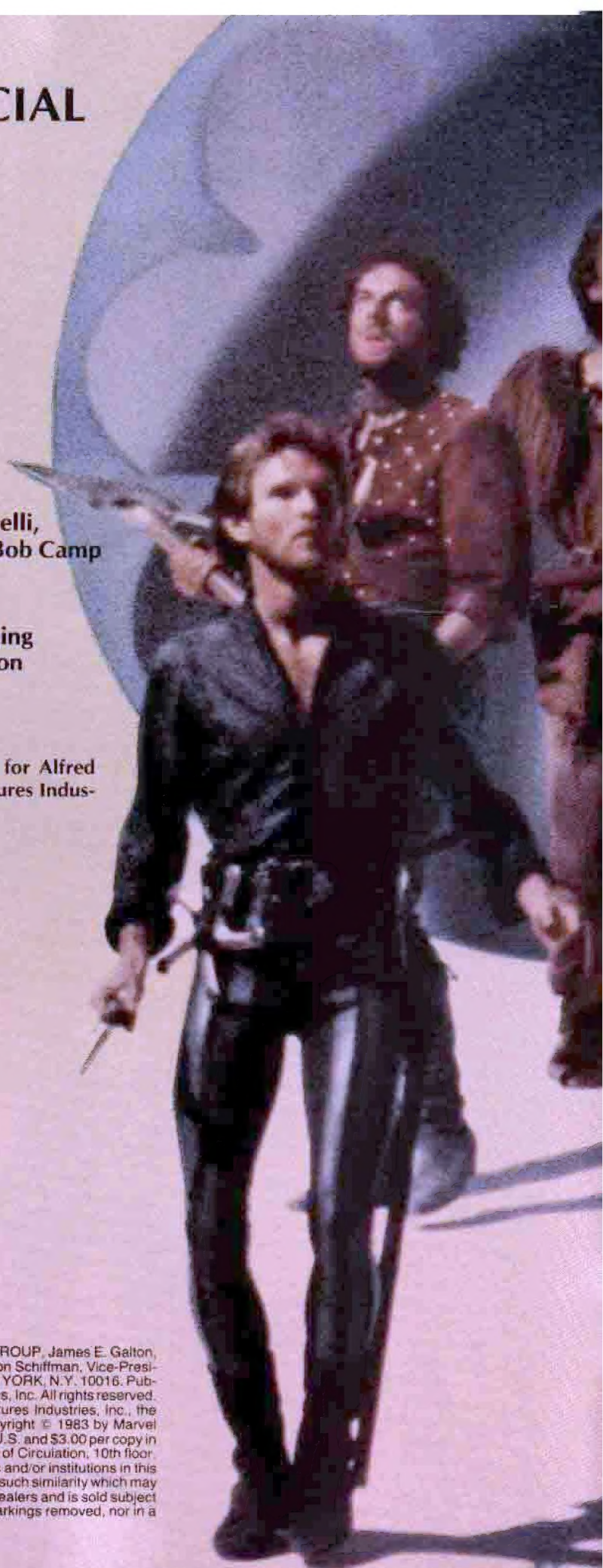
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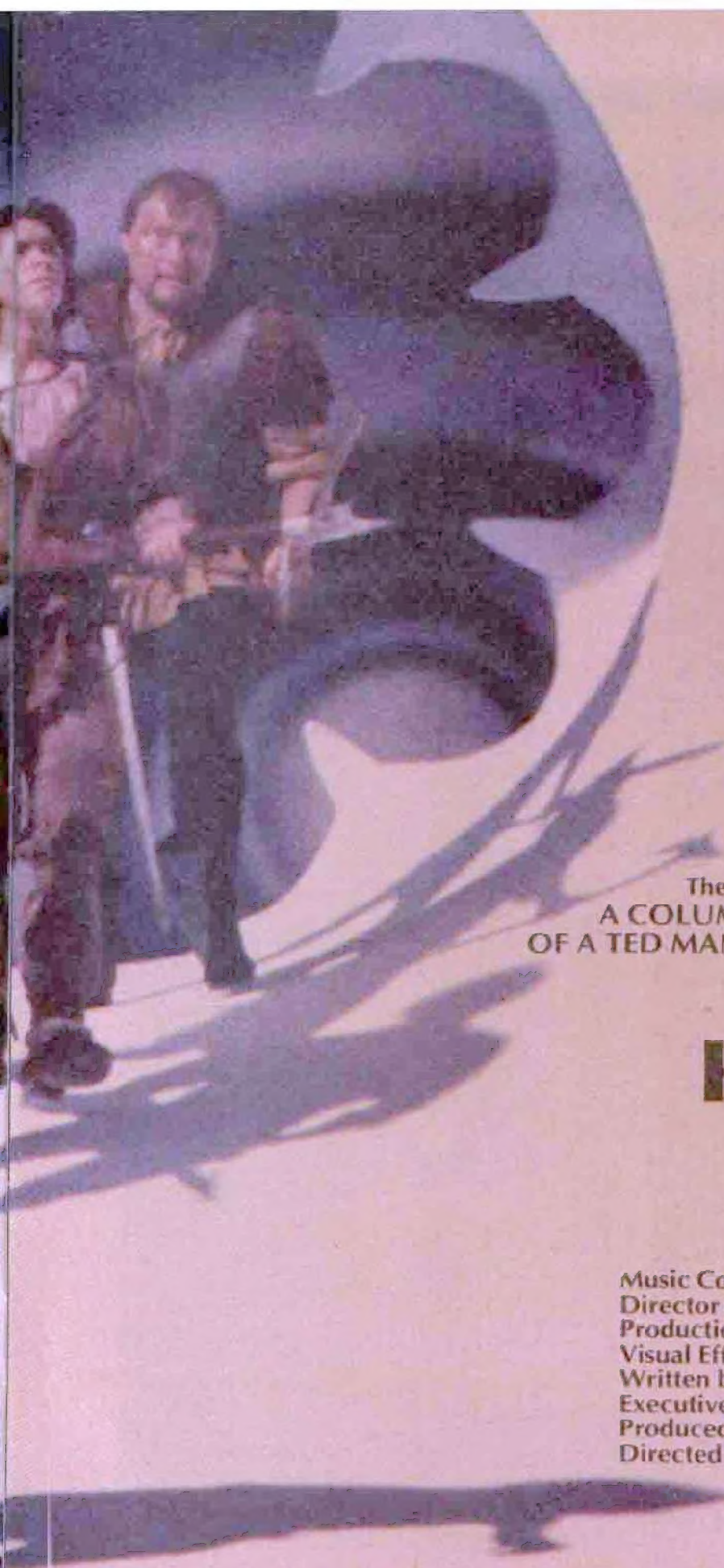
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The *Krull Super Special* is based on  
A COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTATION  
OF A TED MANN-RON SILVERMAN PRODUCTION  
OF  
A PETER YATES FILM

# KRULL™

Starring  
KEN MARSHALL  
LYSETTE ANTHONY  
FREDDIE JONES  
and FRANCESCA ANNIS

Music Composed by JAMES HORNER  
Director of Photography PETER SUSCHITZKY  
Production Designer STEPHEN GRIMES  
Visual Effects Supervisor DEREK MEDDINGS  
Written by STANFORD SHERMAN  
Executive Producer TED MANN  
Produced by RON SILVERMAN  
Directed by PETER YATES





"This it was given to me to know: that many worlds have been enslaved by The Beast and his army, The Slayers. And this too was given me to know: the The Beast would come to our world, the world of Krull, and burning villages would darken the sky, and the cries of the dying would echo through deserted valleys. But one thing I cannot know... whether the prophecy is true: that a girl of ancient name shall become queen, that she shall choose a king, that together they shall rule our world. And that their son shall rule the galaxy."

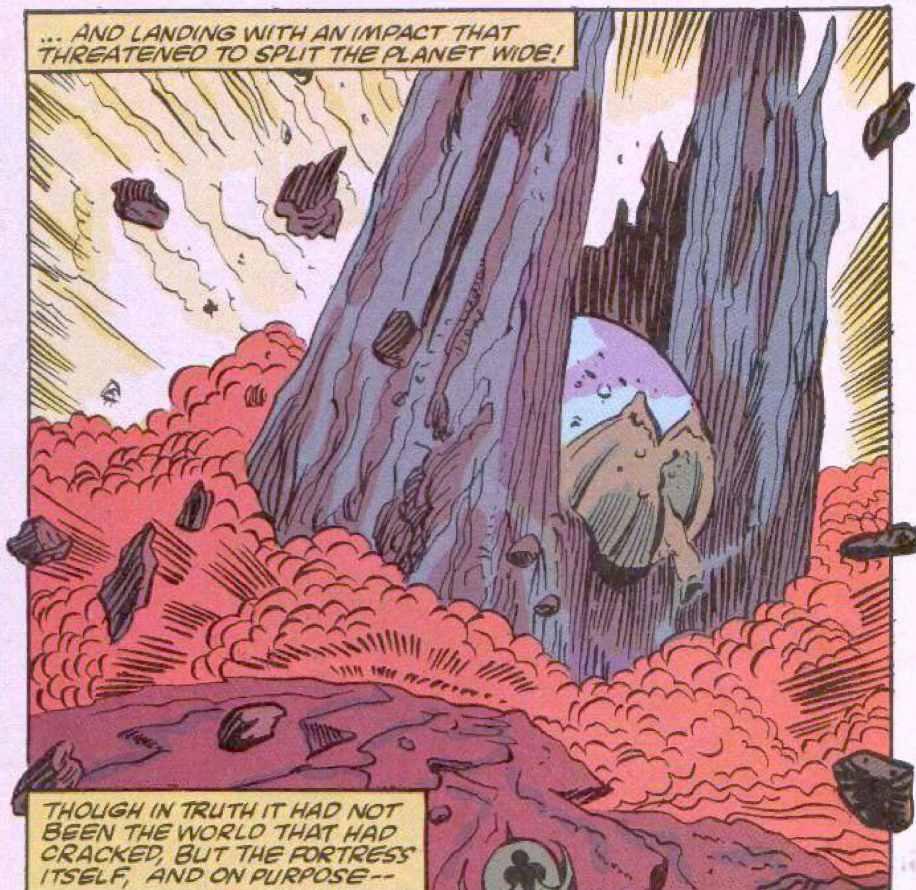
# KRULL





IT HAD BEGUN WITH ARRIVAL: THE BLACK FORTRESS-- STAR-SPANNING CITADEL OF THE DREADED BEAST-- HAD LOWERED ITSELF UPON KRULL, CASTING A SHADOW LIKE A GIANT, GRASPING HAND...

... AND LANDING WITH AN IMPACT THAT THREATENED TO SPLIT THE PLANET WIDE!

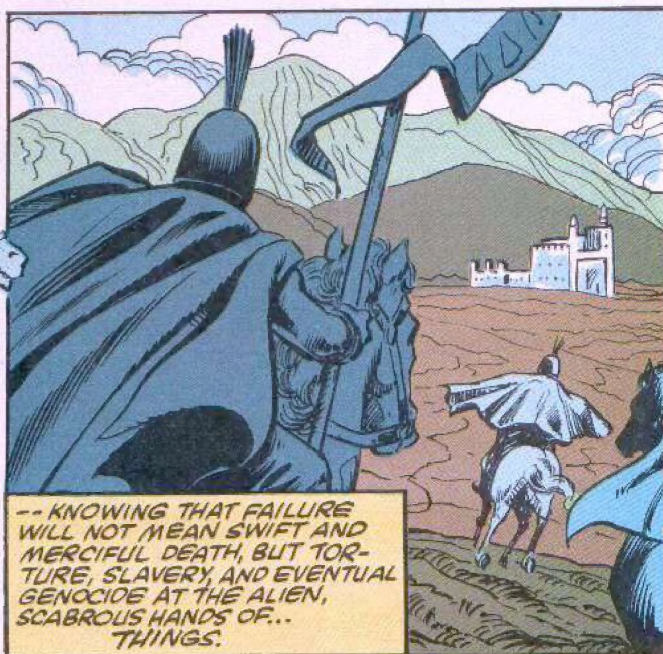


THOUGH IN TRUTH IT HAD NOT BEEN THE WORLD THAT HAD CRACKED, BUT THE FORTRESS ITSELF, AND ON PURPOSE--

-- SPEWING FORTH HORDES OF SLAYERS LIKE MAGGOTS FROM A BURST CORPSE, BEGINNING A REIGN OF BLOOD AND TERROR THAT WOULD LAST FOR YEARS!

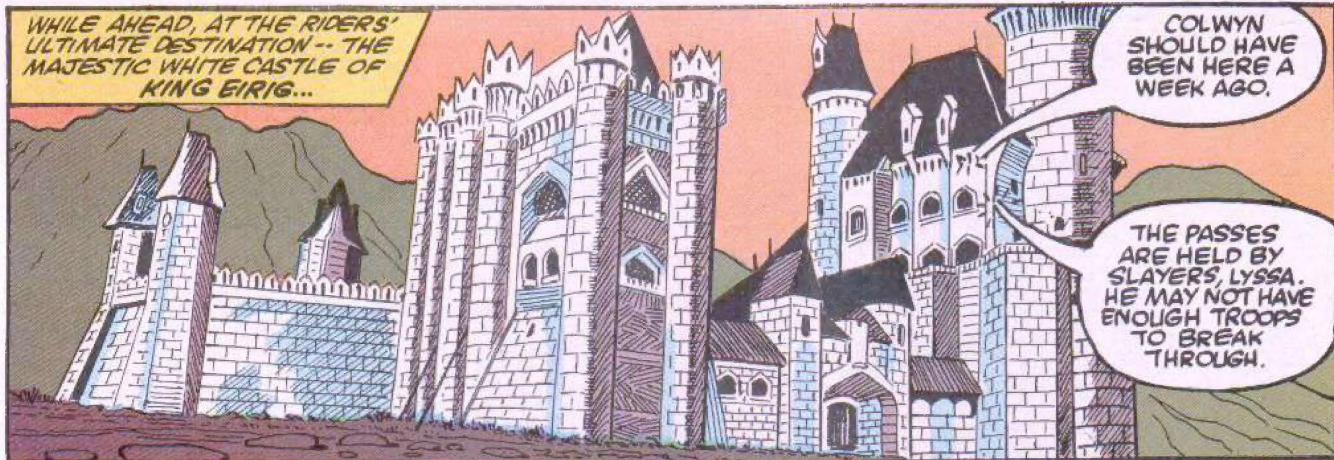


THAT RULE HAD BEEN PITILESS, AND HAD BEEN OPPOSED ONLY BY FOOLS... AND BY HEROES: MEN LIKE KING TUROLD AND PRINCE COLWYN, WHO RIDE FAR OVER NIGHTMARE TRAILS, IN A GALLANT EFFORT TO SAVE THEIR WORLD--



-- KNOWING THAT FAILURE WILL NOT MEAN SWIFT AND MERCIFUL DEATH, BUT TORTURE, SLAVERY, AND EVENTUAL GENOCIDE AT THE ALIEN, SCABROUS HANDS OF... THINGS.





WHILE AHEAD, AT THE RIDERS' ULTIMATE DESTINATION -- THE MAJESTIC WHITE CASTLE OF KING EIRIG...

COLWYN SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE A WEEK AGO.

THE PASSES ARE HELD BY SLAYERS, LYSSA. HE MAY NOT HAVE ENOUGH TROOPS TO BREAK THROUGH.



THAT WOULD PLEASE YOU.

I SENT MEN TO HELP--!

YES... TWENTY MEN!

BUT OUR WALLS ARE THINLY HELD! I COULD NOT SEND MORE--!



OUR WALLS ARE PAPER SO LONG AS THE SLAYERS ROAM OUR WORLD! WE MUST HAVE THE ALLIANCE!

AN ALLIANCE WITH TUROLD, OUR ANCIENT ENEMY? MARRIAGE TO HIS SON, A MAN YOU'VE NEVER SEEN? THERE MUST BE ANOTHER--



FATHER, THE PAST IS A LUXURY. OUR ENEMIES NOW ARE THOSE WHO HAVE INVADIED KRULL. THE ALLIANCE IS OUR ONLY HOPE.

THE MARRIAGE IS NECESSARY...



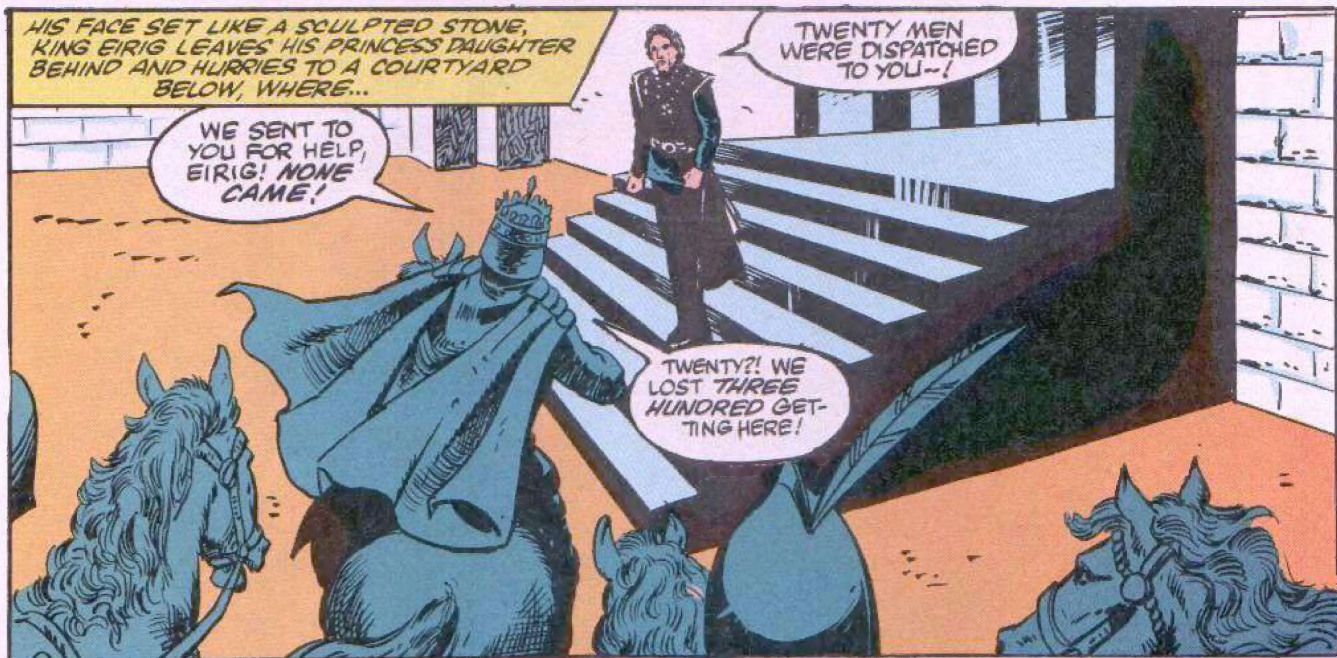
IF IT WERE ANYONE BUT TUROLD'S SON! I KNOW THAT COLWYN IS A GREAT FIGHTER, BUT GOOD FIGHTERS MAKE TERRIBLE HUSBANDS!

PERHAPS, FATHER, BUT WE SHALL SOON KNOW.



THEY ARE HERE...







PURPOSEFULLY, PRINCE COLWYN MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH CORRIDORS ASTIR WITH THE ARRANGEMENTS OF WAR, UNTIL, AT LAST HE REACHES A GREAT HALL, EASES OPEN A HEAVY OAKEN DOOR, AND SEES THE WOMAN WHO WILL DECIDE HIS FUTURE.



I HAVE CHOSEN WELL.

AS HAVE I.

IS IT NOT TOO LATE?

NO. NOT YET. THE CEREMONY...?

WILL BE HELD TONIGHT, AT MIDNIGHT, ACCORDING TO THE ANCIENT RITES. MY...

... MY FATHER SAYS THAT GOOD FIGHTERS MAKE BAD HUSBANDS.



OH? WELL THAT DEPENDS ON WHETHER YOU EXPECT A HUSBAND TO FOLLOW YOU AROUND AND JUMP EVERY TIME YOU CLAP YOUR HANDS.

YOU WOULDN'T JUMP FOR ME?

OH, NO, OF COURSE NOT. YOU'RE A WARRIOR.



I'LL MAKE A BARGAIN WITH YOU. IF YOU'LL JUMP--JUST A LITTLE--WHEN I CLAP, THEN I'LL FOLLOW YOU AROUND.



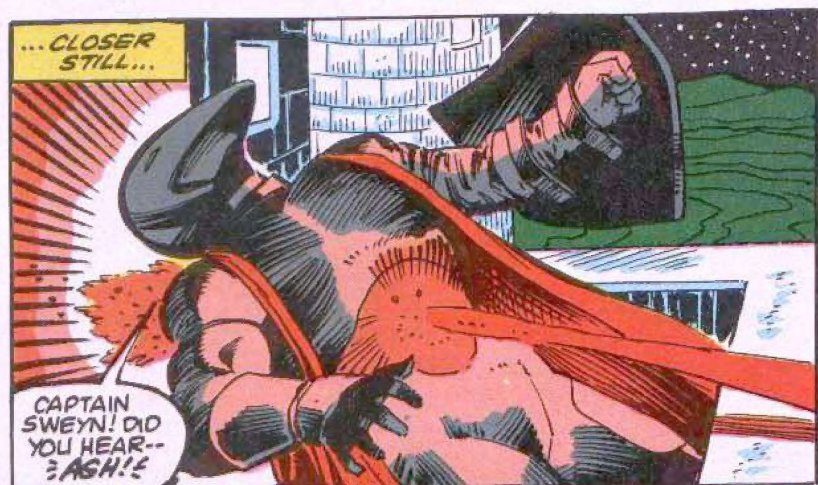
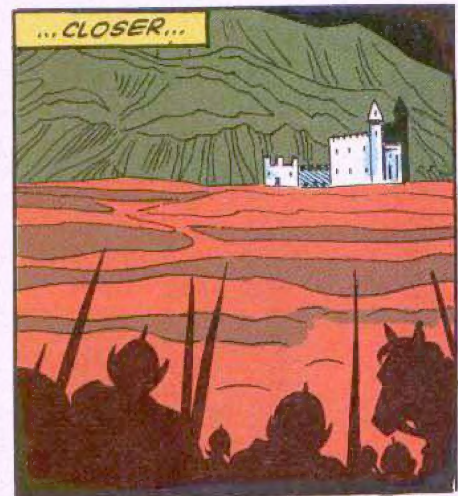
VERY WELL, M'LADY. YOU HAVE A BARGAIN.

THE MOOD OF PLAYFUL TEASING LINGERS, THEN FADES, LEAVING A BOND OF HONEST AFFECTION.



AS THE NEW LOVERS KISS, LIGHTLY, AND PART, EACH GOING TO PREPARE FOR THE EVENING'S RITUAL... EACH WONDERING IF THEY WILL LIVE TO SEE IT THROUGH.

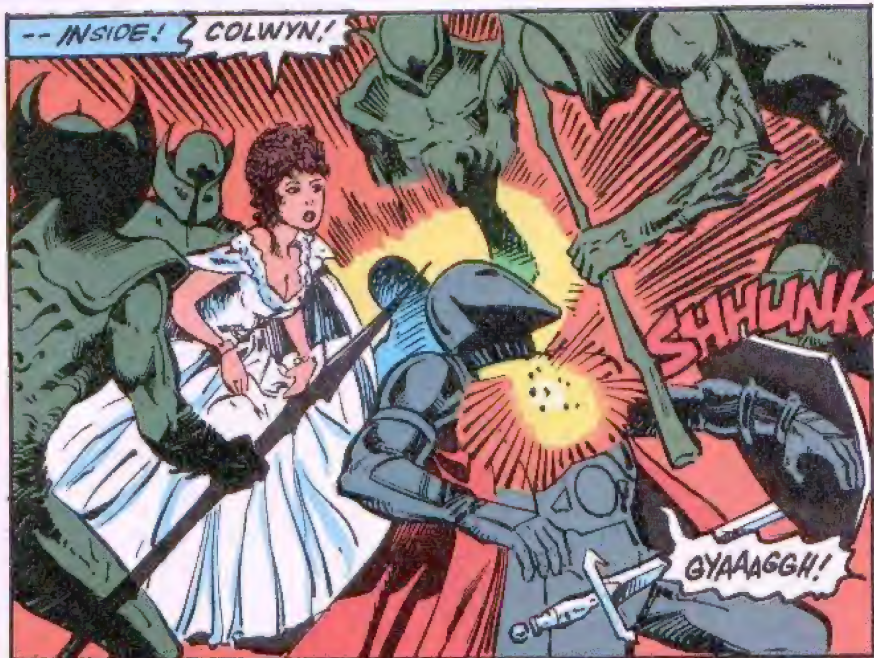














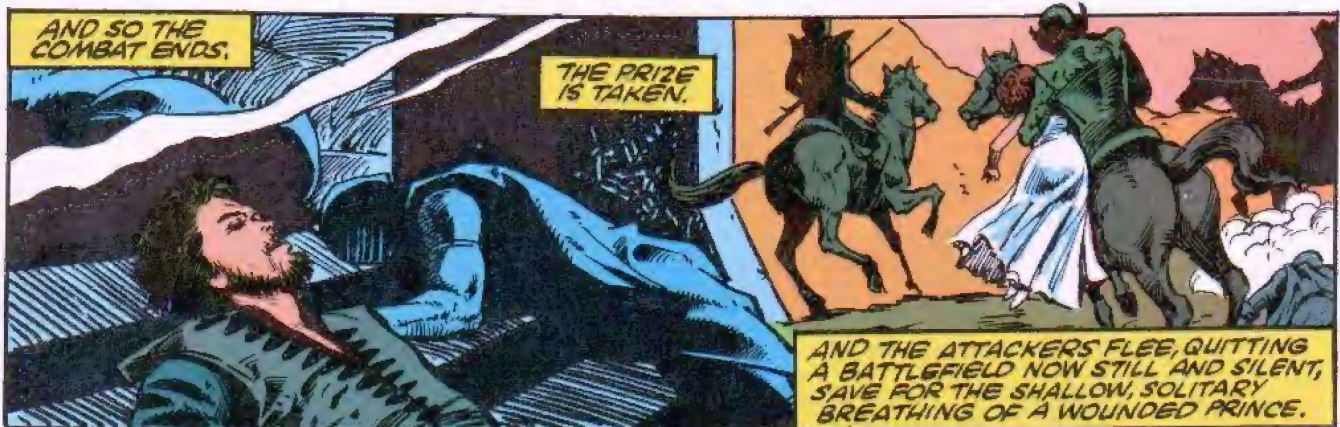


LYSSA...?

THE DISTRACTION  
IS MOMENTARY.



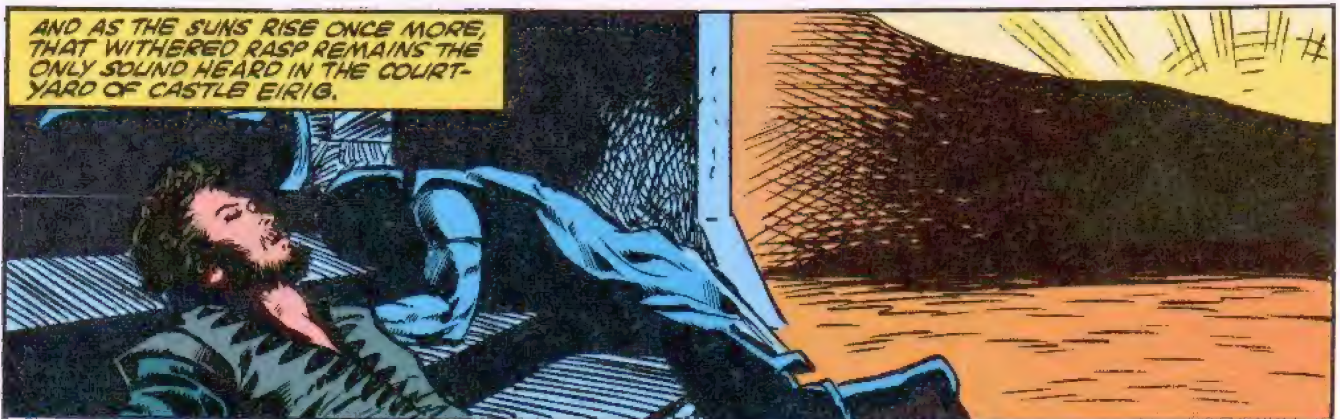
BUT A MOMENT  
IS ALL IT TAKES...



AND SO THE  
COMBAT ENDS.

THE PRIZE  
IS TAKEN.

AND THE ATTACKERS FLEE, QUITTING  
A BATTLEFIELD NOW STILL AND SILENT,  
SAVE FOR THE SHALLOW, SOLITARY  
BREATHING OF A WOUNDED PRINCE.



AND AS THE SUNS RISE ONCE MORE,  
THAT WITHERED RASP REMAINS THE  
ONLY SOUND HEARD IN THE COURT-  
YARD OF CASTLE EIRIG.



UNTIL...

COLWYN?

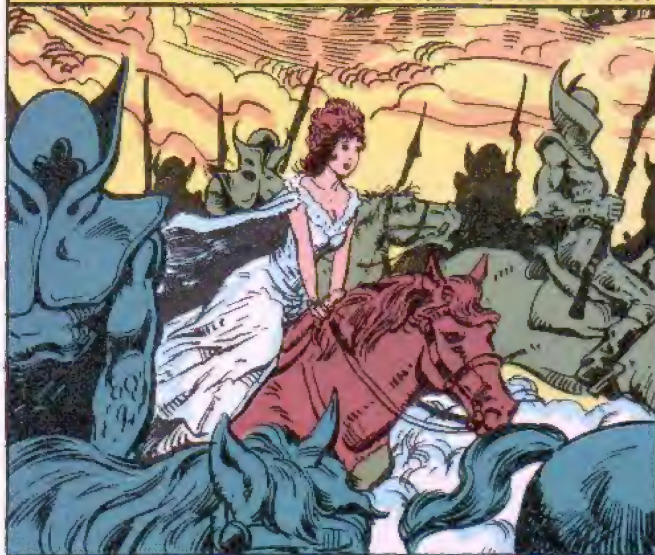
L...LYSSA?







WHILE LEAGUES DISTANT, DARK MOUNTS TAKE EVEN DARKER RIDERS THROUGH A LANDSCAPE OF SMOLDERING ASH, OVER A VISTA AS DEAD AND BARREN AS THE SILENT HORSEMEN'S EYES.



BUT ONE PAIR OF EYES STILL LIVE, AND STRETCH WIDE AT THE SIGHT THAT LOOMS BEFORE THEM IN THE SWIRLING SMOKE --



-- AS FOR AN INSTANT, A NEW BRIDE ALMOST WISHES SHE HAD FALLEN AT THE SIDE OF HER HUSBAND-TO-BE. BETTER THAT-- BETTER ANYTHING-- THAN TO ENTER --

--THE BLACK FORTRESS, LAIR OF THE BEAST--



IN THE OPPRESSIVE HEAT, QUEEN LYSSA SHUDERS...

AND LATER THAT DAY, AT THE MAJESTIC GRANITE MOUNTAINS...



ONCE THE GLAIVE WAS A POWERFUL WEAPON. IN THE RIGHT HANDS, IT CAN BE SO AGAIN.

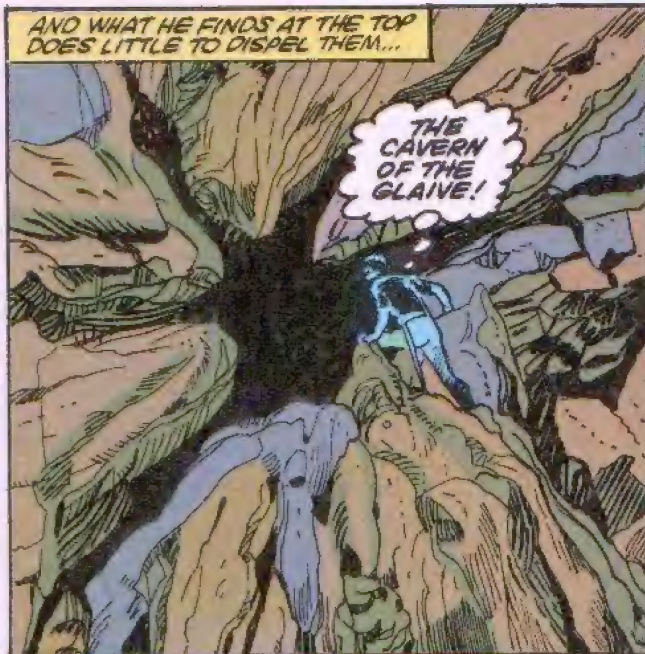
DON'T WORRY, I'LL COME BACK WITH IT.

IF YOU DON'T COME BACK WITH IT, COLWYN--





THE WORDS STAY WITH THE YOUNG KING, CLINGING LIKE PALLID LEECHES AS HE MAKES HIS WAY UP THE GLEAMING WHITE MOUNTAIN.



AND WHAT HE FINDS AT THE TOP DOES LITTLE TO DISPEL THEM...

THE CAVERN OF THE GLAIVE!

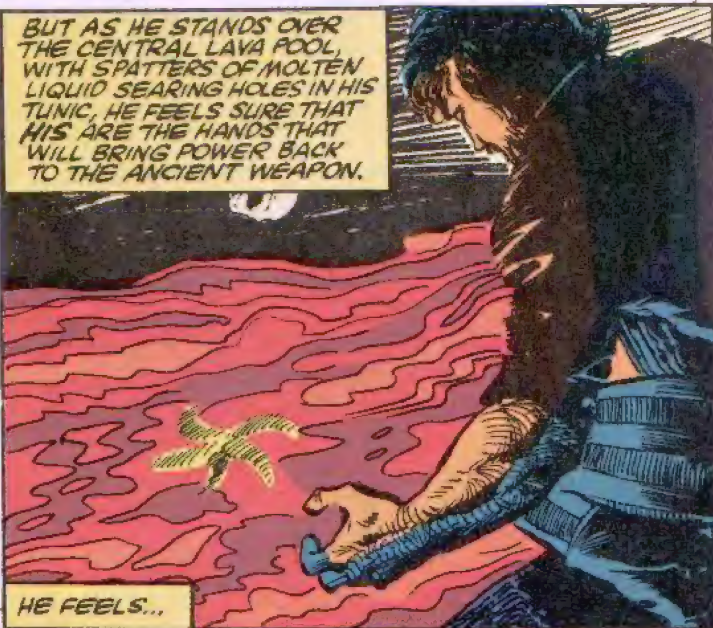
CAUTIOUSLY, COLWYN ENTERS THE STEAMY GROTTO, HIS FEET SCATTERING SCRAPS OF SKULL AND CHAR-BLACKENED BONE, REMINDERS THAT OTHERS HAVE COME HERE ON SIMILAR MISSIONS.

AND HAVE FAILED!

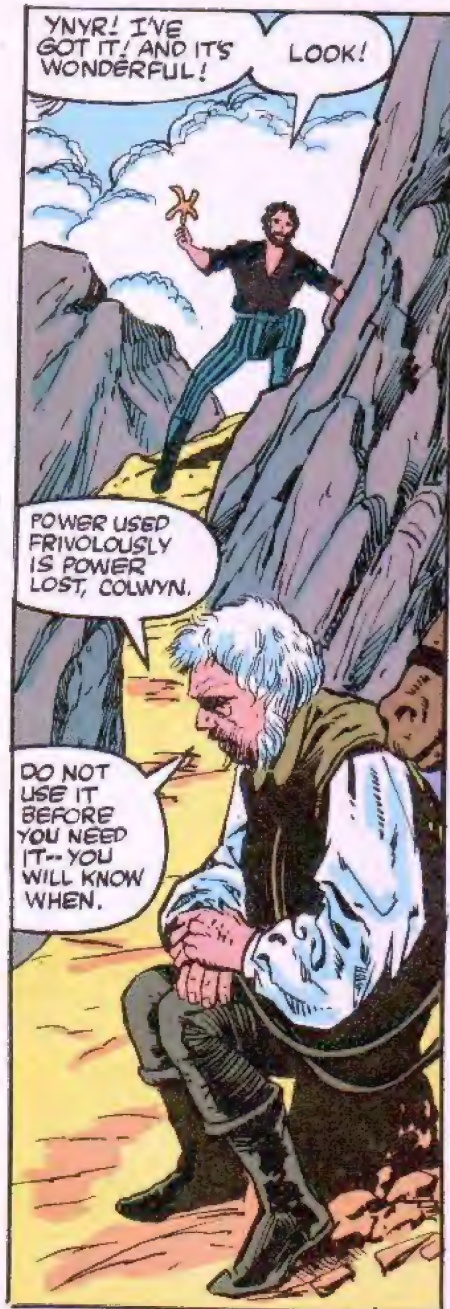


BUT AS HE STANDS OVER THE CENTRAL LAVA POOL, WITH SPATTERS OF MOLTEN LIQUID SEARING HOLES IN HIS TUNIC, HE FEELS SURE THAT HIS ARE THE HANDS THAT WILL BRING POWER BACK TO THE ANCIENT WEAPON.

HE FEELS...









THEIR PURPOSE UNDAUNTED, COLWYN AND YNYR BEGIN THEIR JOURNEY, TRAVELING HARD THE REST OF THE DAY.

SO THAT AT DAY'S END THEY WELCOME THE PEACE OF A SPARKLING FOREST POND...

... FOR AS LONG, AT LEAST, AS THAT PEACE LASTS!

WHAT THE DEVILS--?!

**SWOOSH**

**RHOOOF**

**PLASH**

H-HELP! I'M DROWNING!

I DOUBT IT THE WATER'S ONLY ANKLE DEEP!

WELL, IT COULD HAVE BEEN QUICKSAND! HOW WAS I TO KNOW?

WHERE IS THIS PLACE, ANYWAY?

A FOREST NEAR THE GRANITE MOUNTAINS.

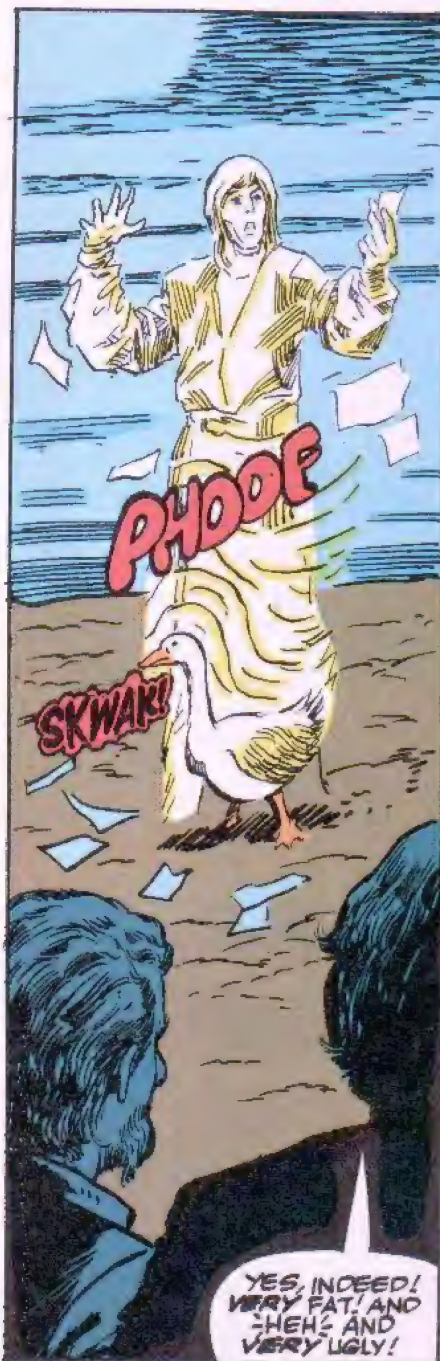
BLAST! I'M A THOUSAND LEAGUES OFF COURSE!

BUT I WAS RUSHED. THERE WAS A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION ABOUT A CERTAIN GOOSEBERRY PIE. THE MAN LEFT IT ON A WINDOWSILL--WHAT DID HE EXPECT?

PERHAPS HE EXPECTED TO EAT IT!

FOR THAT RUDENESS, LOUIE, YOU SHALL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE AS A TOAD!



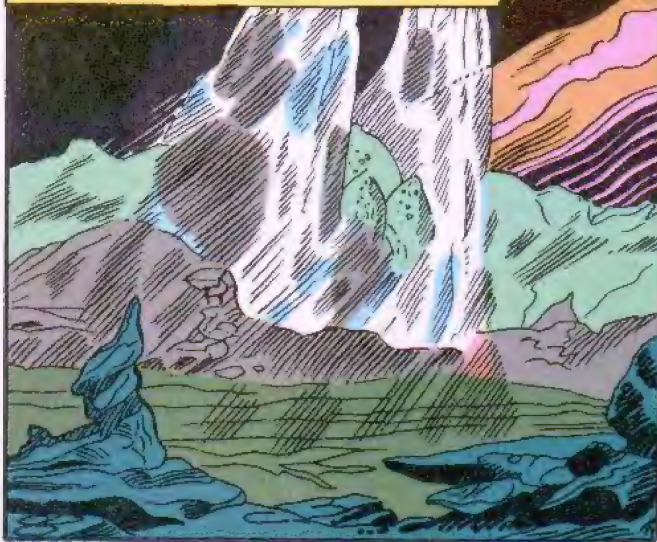








THE NIGHT PASSES, AND AS KRULL'S SUN'S RISE ONCE MORE, THE AWESOME BULK OF THE BLACK FORTRESS FADES AMIDST THE SILENCE OF DESOLATE ROCK...



... ONLY TO REFORM, INSTANTLY LATER AND LEAGUES DISTANT, ON THE DIAMOND-LIKE ICESCAPE OF A POLAR FLOE.

WHILE INSIDE THAT DARK STRUCTURE, A VALIANT QUEEN STRUGGLES FOR ORIENTATION, A BATTLE THAT IS LOST--



-- AT THE RASPING SOUND OF A TOMBLIKE, DISEMBODIED VOICE...

YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT HERE FOR A MARRIAGE, QUEEN LYSSA!

I AM THE KING YOU WILL CHOOSE!



DESPITE HERSELF,, DESPITE THE CLOSE, CLOYING WARMTH OF THE INNER FORTRESS...

... QUEEN LYSSA SHUDS!



AS ELSEWHERE...

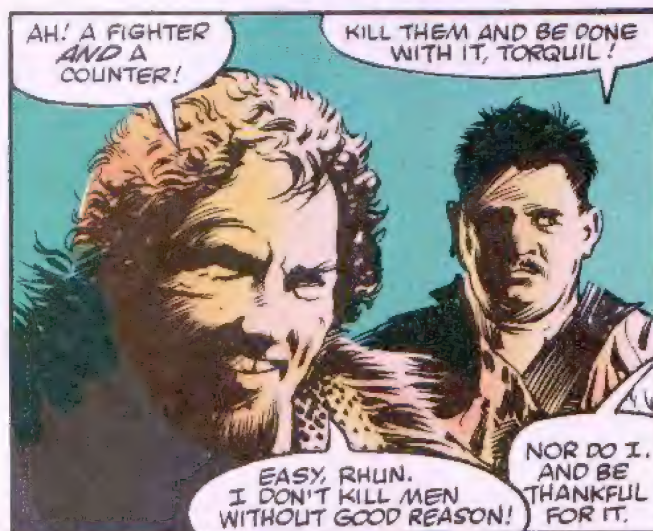
YOU ARE NO GREAT CHOOSER OF ROADS, OLD MAN.

THIS WAY SAVES US HALF A DAY OF TRAVEL!

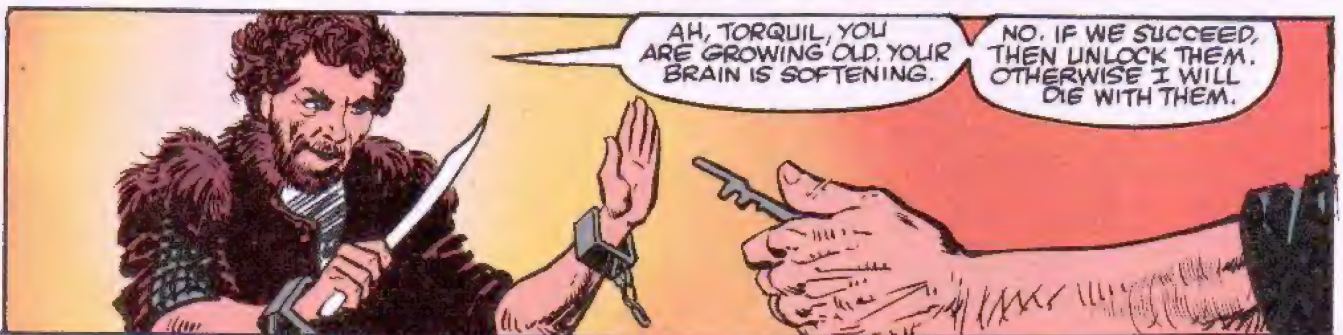


BUT AT WHAT COST? I'M GETTING BLISTERS ON MY BLISTERS! AND BESIDES, I'M HUN--

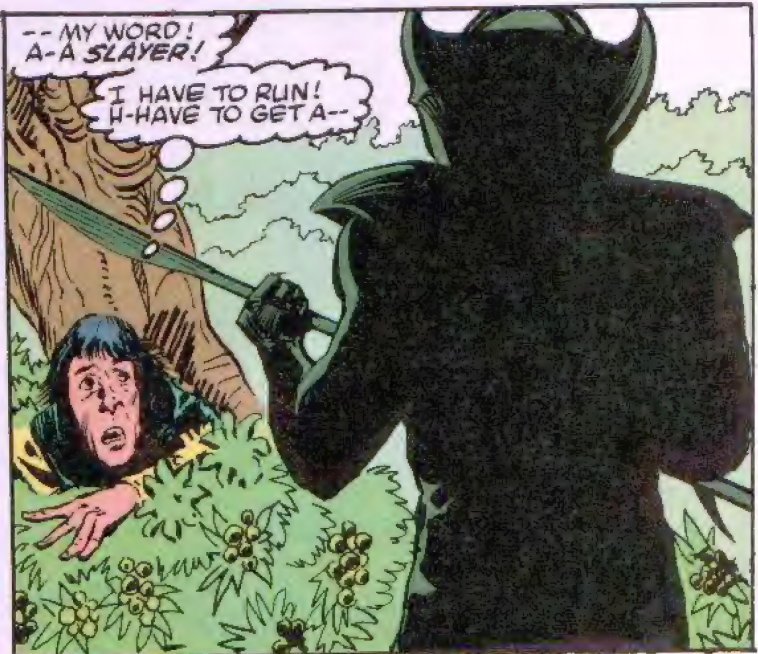
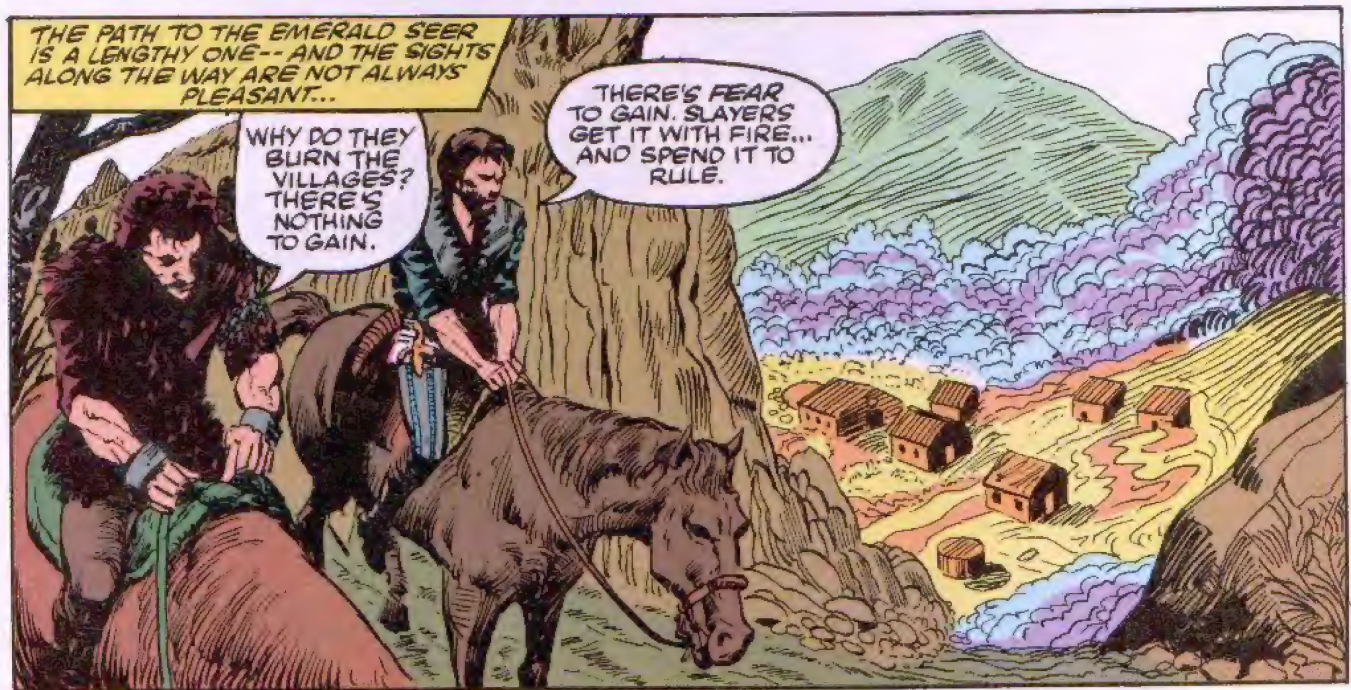
















A CYCLOPS. HE KILLED THE SLAYER, FOR THEY ARE ANCIENT ENEMIES.

LONG AGO, THE CYCLOPS RACE LIVED ON A WORLD FAR FROM KRULL, AND HAD TWO EYES. THEN THEY MADE A BARGAIN WITH THE BEAST, GIVING UP ONE EYE IN RETURN FOR THE POWER TO SEE THE FUTURE.

TODAY WOULD HAVE BEEN MY DAY, IF NOT FOR HIM!

BUT THEY WERE CHEATED. THE ONLY FUTURE THEY WERE ALLOWED TO SEE WAS THE DAY OF THEIR OWN DEATH!

THE JOURNEY CONTINUES, UNEVENTFULLY, AND AT LONG LAST ENDS... AT AN IMPOSSIBLE WALL OF UNGIVING STONE!

HE MARCHES US STRAIGHT TOWARDS A SOLID FACE OF ROCK! THE MAN HAS RAISINS IN HIS BRAIN-CASE!

YOU AND I SHOULD HAVE SUCH RAISINS, MAGNIFICENCE.



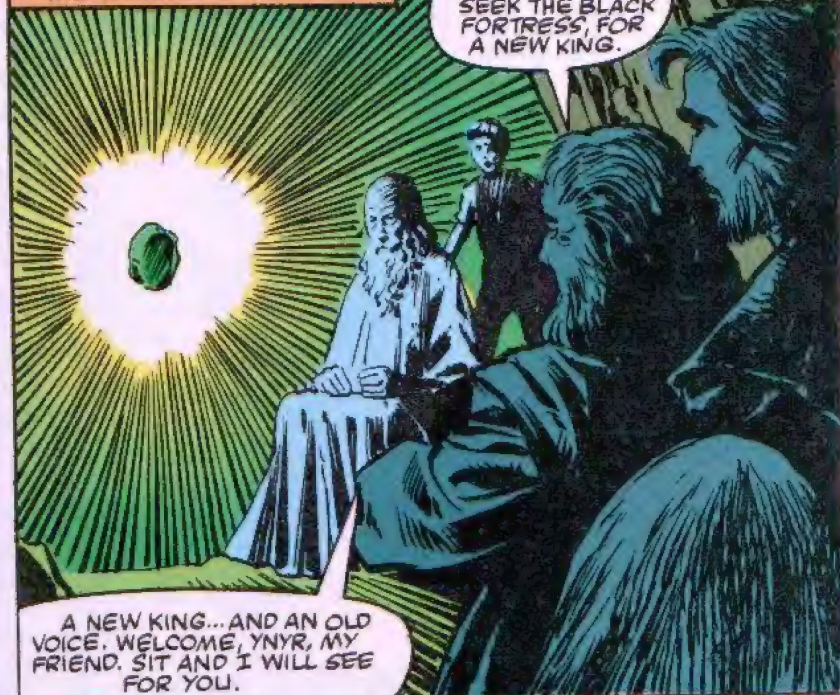


AND INDEED, AS YNYR APPROACHES THE ROCK WALL, A VIBRANT GREEN GLOW APPEARS. WITHOUT HESITATION, THE OLD ONE STEPS THROUGH IT!



AND, WITH SOME HESITATION, COLWYN, TORQUIL AND ERGO FOLLOW...

... INTO THE CAVERN HOME OF THE EMERALD SEER!



GREETINGS, BLIND ONE. WE SEEK THE BLACK FORTRESS, FOR A NEW KING.

A NEW KING... AND AN OLD VOICE. WELCOME, YNYR, MY FRIEND. SIT AND I WILL SEE FOR YOU.



HI! I'M TITCH!

AND I AM ERGO THE MAGNIFICENT! SHORT IN STATURE, TALL IN POWER, NARROW OF PURPOSE, WIDE OF VISION!

THAT'S VERY IMPRESSIVE.

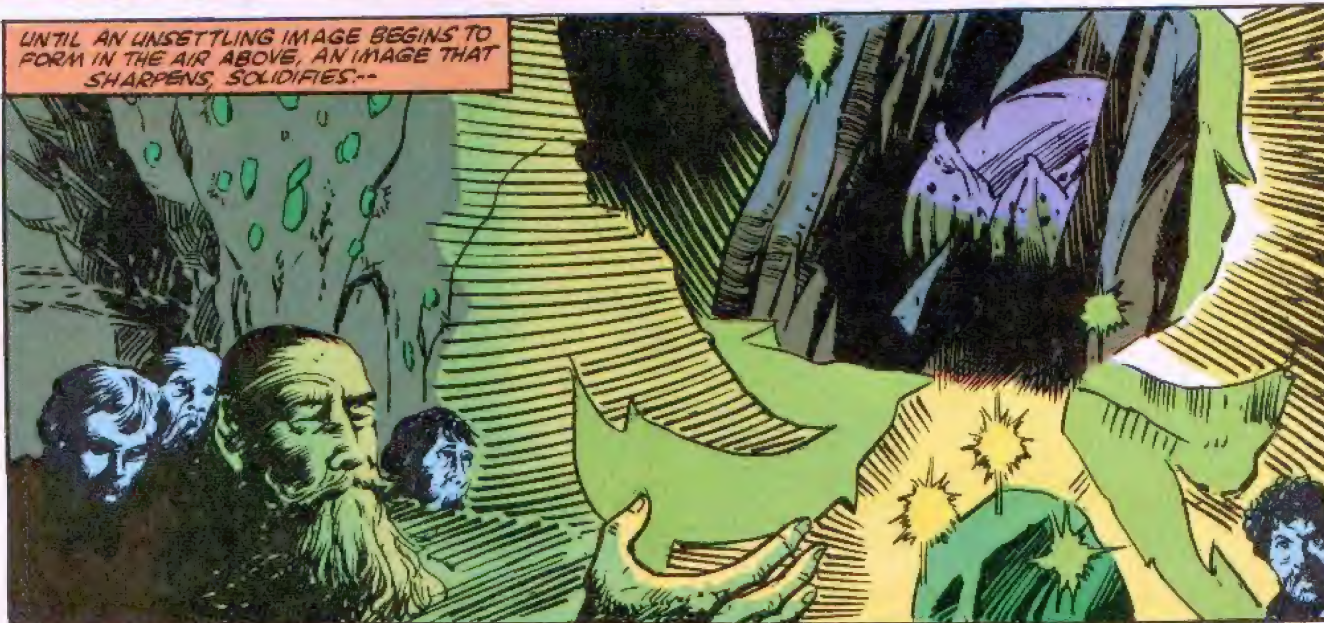
I SHOULD HOPE SO. DO YOU HAVE ANY GUMDROPS?

EVENTUALLY, ERGO JOINS HIS COMPANIONS AROUND A MASSIVE, PULSING GEMSTONE, AS THEIR BLIND HOST BEGINS HIS SUMMONING.

THE SEER CHANTS... THE EMERALD SPINS... FASTER... FASTER... AS GREEN FIRE SPARKS FROM ITS WHIRLING FACETS.



UNTIL AN UNSETTLING IMAGE BEGINS TO FORM IN THE AIR ABOVE, AN IMAGE THAT SHARPENS, SOLIDIFIES...





-- AND IS SUDDENLY SHATTERED!



ARE YOU HURT?

NO. BUT IT APPEARS THAT THE BEAST DOES NOT LIKE CURIOUS SEERS POKING INTO HIS AFFAIRS!



HIS POWER IS TOO STRONG FOR YOU TO OVERCOME?

YES. HERE. BUT THERE IS A PLACE IN THE GREAT SWAMP WHERE THE PLANETARY FORCES OF KRULL ITSELF ARE FOCUSED.



NO OUTWORLDER COULD POSSIBLY CHALLENGE MY SUMMONING THERE.

THEN YOU WILL TRAVEL WITH US?

THE SWAMP IS A TREACHEROUS PLACE.

OUR NEED IS GREAT.

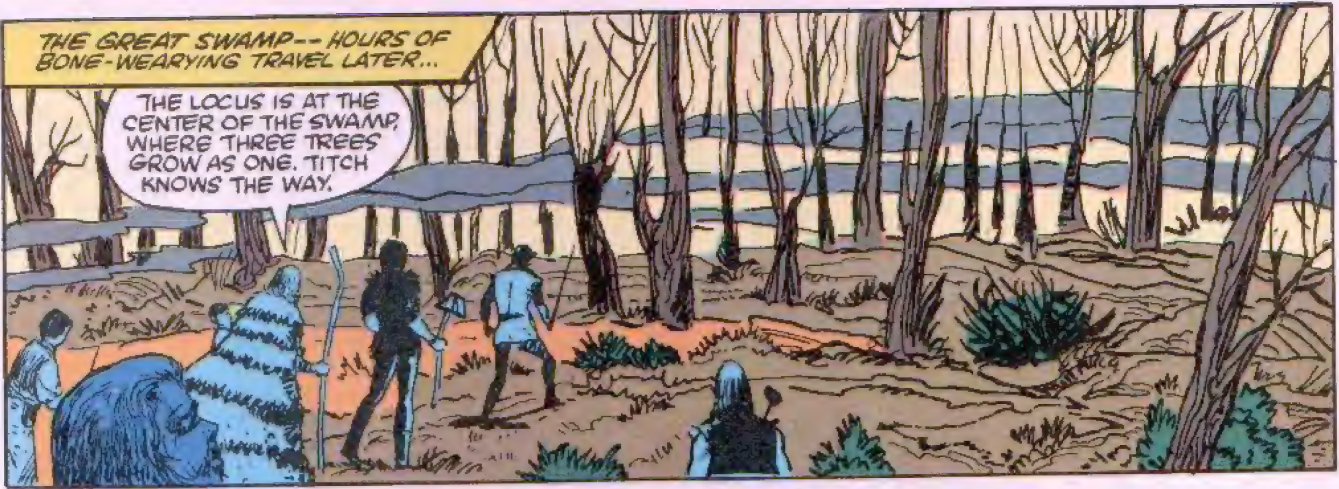
YES. I CAN SEE THAT IT IS. I WILL GO..





THE GREAT SWAMP-- HOURS OF  
BONE-WEARYING TRAVEL LATER...

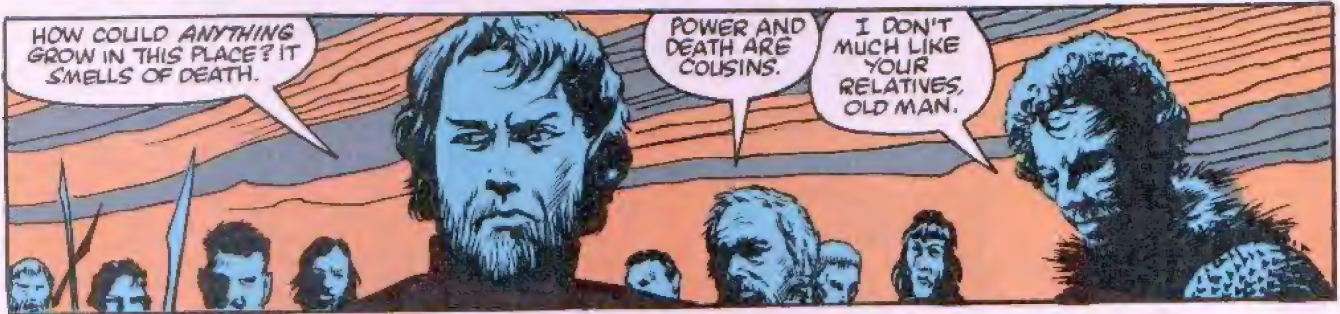
THE LOCUS IS AT THE  
CENTER OF THE SWAMP,  
WHERE THREE TREES  
GROW AS ONE. TITCH  
KNOWS THE WAY.



HOW COULD ANYTHING  
GROW IN THIS PLACE? IT  
SMELLS OF DEATH.

POWER AND  
DEATH ARE  
COUSINS.

I DON'T  
MUCH LIKE  
YOUR  
RELATIVES,  
OLD MAN.



KEEP A SHARP  
LOOKOUT. IF WE  
CAN PENETRATE  
THE SWAMP, SO  
CAN OUR  
ENEMIES.

WE'LL FOLLOW  
THE LAKE AS FAR  
AS WE CAN. THAT  
WAY WE'LL HAVE  
ONLY ONE SIDE  
TO WATCH.



HMPH. EACH SIDE IS AS  
FOUL AS THE OTHER, IF  
YOU ASK ME! AND HE  
CALLS THIS A "LAKE"?

WHY, I'VE SEEN  
CLEANER WATER  
IN THE GUTTERS  
OF--



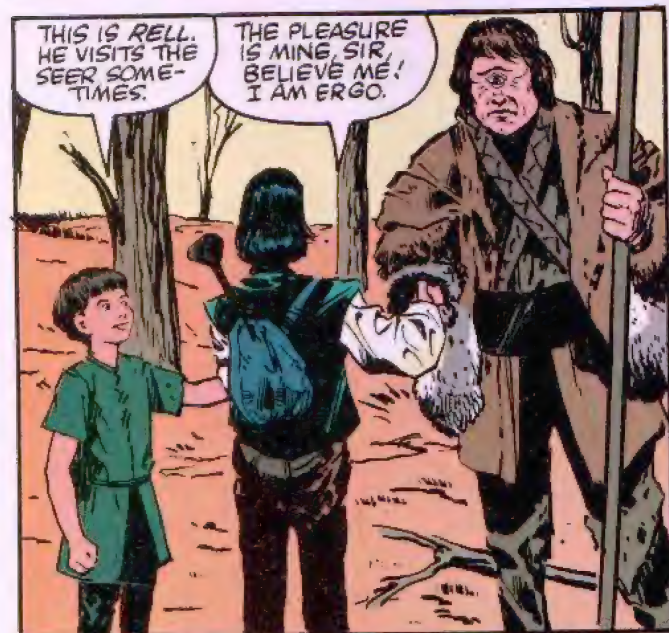
WHA--?  
COLWYN!  
C-C-COLWYN!













MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE BLACK  
FORTRESS, A NIGHTMARE TABLEAU  
CONTINUES...

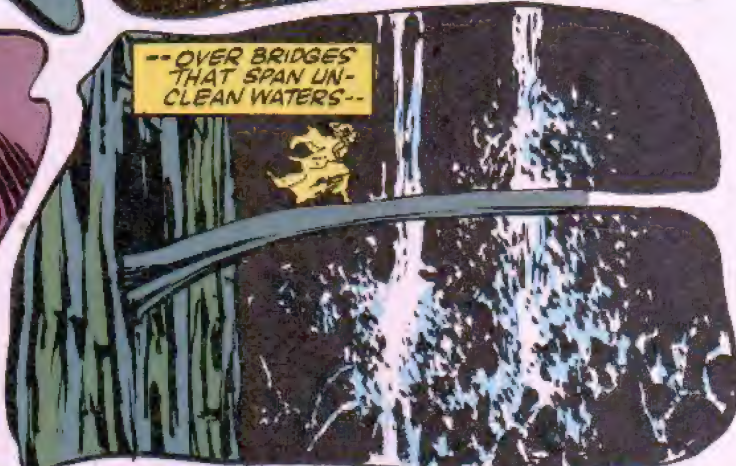


I WILL ALLOW YOU  
TO GO WHERE YOU PLEASE  
WITHIN THESE WALLS, FOR  
THIS IS THE PALACE FROM  
WHICH YOU WILL RULE  
THIS WORLD... AND  
COUNTLESS OTHERS.

YOU CANNOT  
ESCAPE!



-- OVER BRIDGES  
THAT SPAN UN-  
CLEAN WATERS--



REACTING TO A PRIMAL  
TERROR THAT BLOCKS ALL  
HOPE OF CONSCIOUS THOUGHT,  
QUEEN LYSSA FLEES--

-- THROUGH TUNNELS OF TEARING,  
RIPPING CLAWS, UNTIL SHE COMES TO  
AN EDIFICE OF GLASSLIKE STONE,  
CRACKED AND INVITING. SHE HURRIES  
TO IT, THINKING TO HIDE AND  
GATHER HER WITS...

... NEVER SUSPECTING  
THAT SOMETHING INSIDE  
THAT DARK BOX--

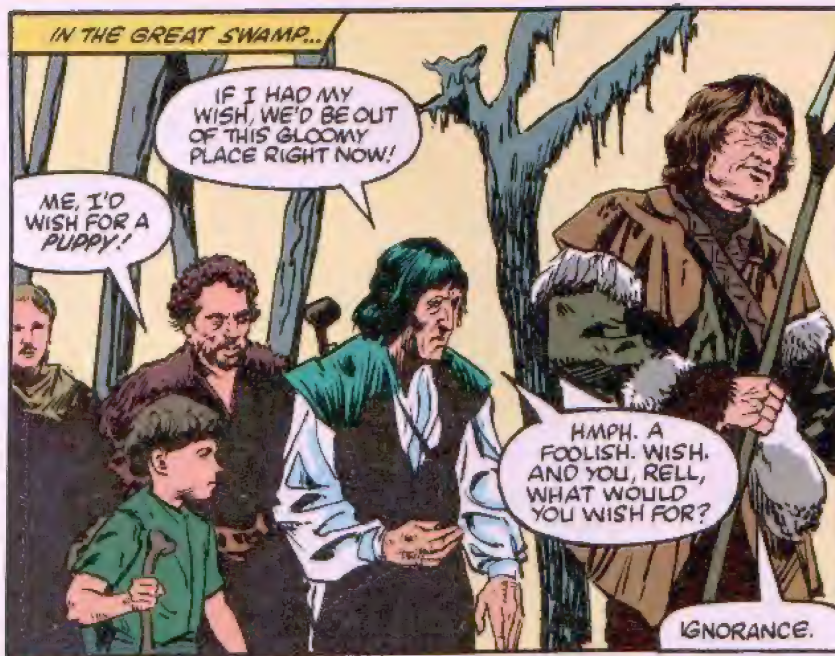


-- DOWN CORRIDORS THAT  
SQUEEZE CLOSE LIKE  
GASPING THROATS--

-- MIGHT BE  
WAITING  
FOR HER!









... AS BEHIND THEM, A ONE-EYED SENTRY WAITS, SENSITIVE TO ANY LIGHT, ANY MOTION, ANY SOUND...



... INCLUDING THE ODD "SLIP" OF WAVES LAPPING AGAINST SOMETHING SLIGHTLY MORE SOLID THAN SANDY SHORE!



THERE!  
THERE ARE  
THE TREES,  
BROTHER!

HE WHO  
SEEKS THE  
KNOWLEDGE  
MUST LEAD ME  
NOW. NO ONE  
ELSE MAY  
APPROACH.



VERY WELL, SEER.  
THIS WAY.

THE REST  
OF YOU STAY  
BACK.

LIKE A BERSERKER ENRAGED,  
RELL SMASHES HIS WAY THROUGH  
DEAD LIMBS AND MOSSY VINES,  
MAKING HIS OWN PATH THROUGH  
THE FETID BOG.

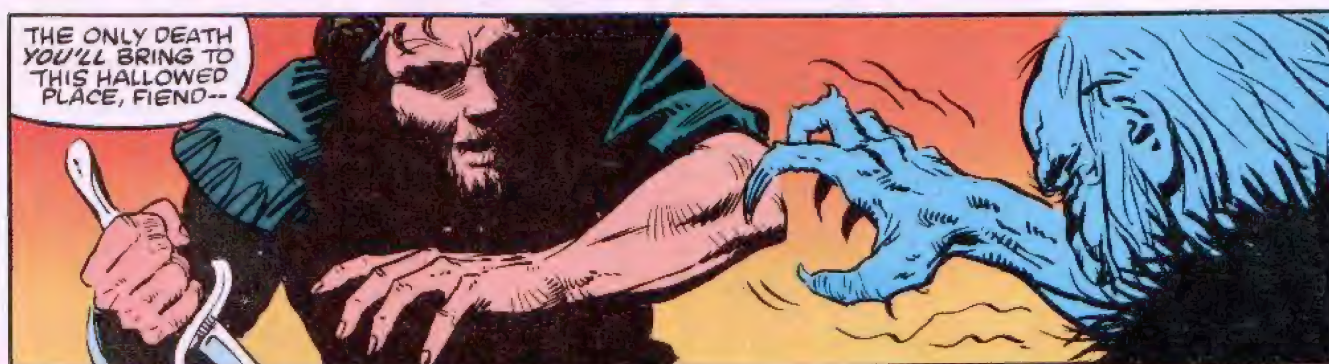


FOR HE, AND  
ONLY HE--



-- NOW KNOWS THE TRUE  
DANGER OF THE GREAT  
SWAMP!









-- IS YOUR OWN!



A CHANGELING.  
THE BEAST HAS  
MANY WEAPONS--  
THIS WAS ONE.

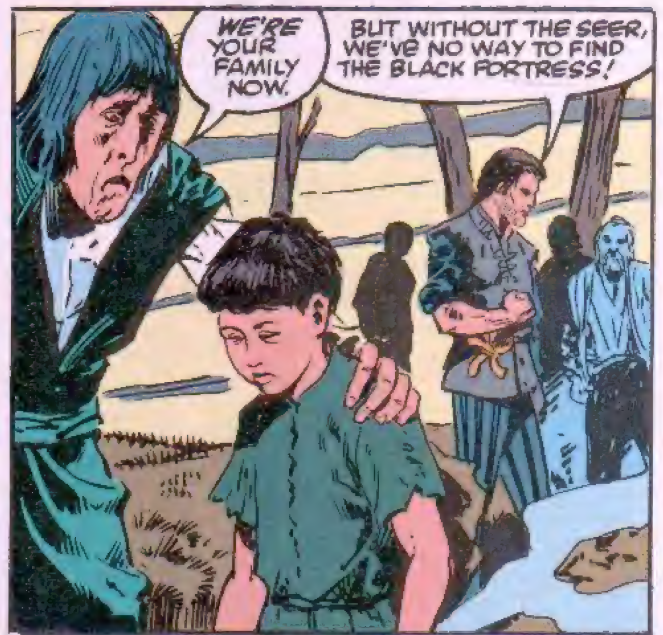
BUT WHERE  
IS THE SEER?



I'M SORRY, TITCH.  
I FOUND THE SEER'S  
BODY IN THE LAKE.

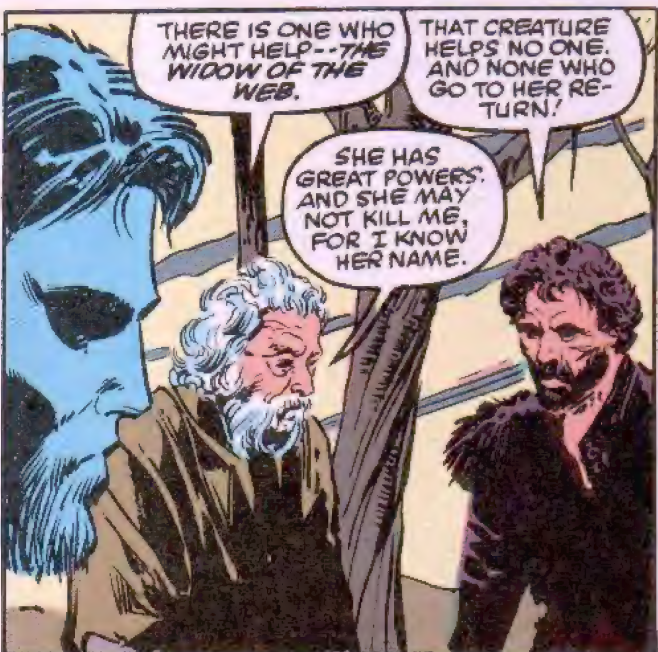
HE GAVE HIS  
LIFE FOR US.

HE...?SNIFF!...  
HE WAS MY  
ONLY FAMILY.



WE'RE  
YOUR  
FAMILY  
NOW.

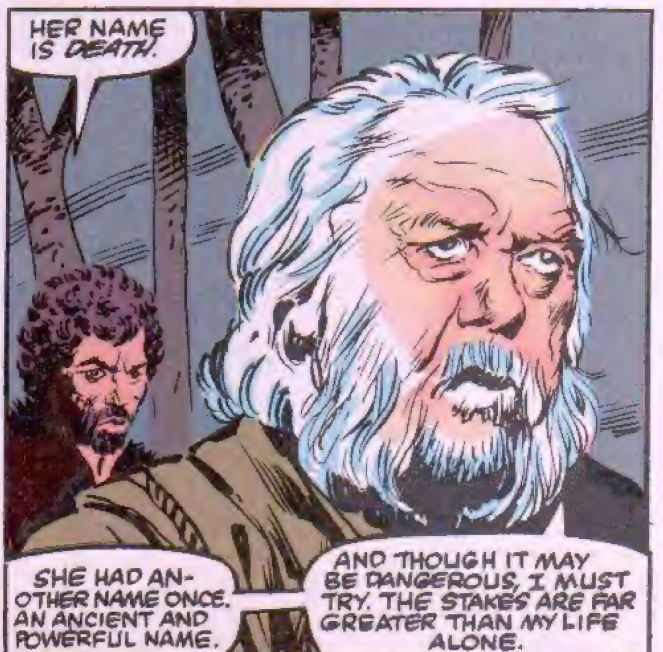
BUT WITHOUT THE SEER,  
WE'VE NO WAY TO FIND  
THE BLACK FORTRESS!



THERE IS ONE WHO  
MIGHT HELP--THE  
WIDOW OF THE  
WEB.

THAT CREATURE  
HELPS NO ONE.  
AND NONE WHO  
GO TO HER RE-  
TURN!

SHE HAS  
GREAT POWERS.  
AND SHE MAY  
NOT KILL ME,  
FOR I KNOW  
HER NAME.

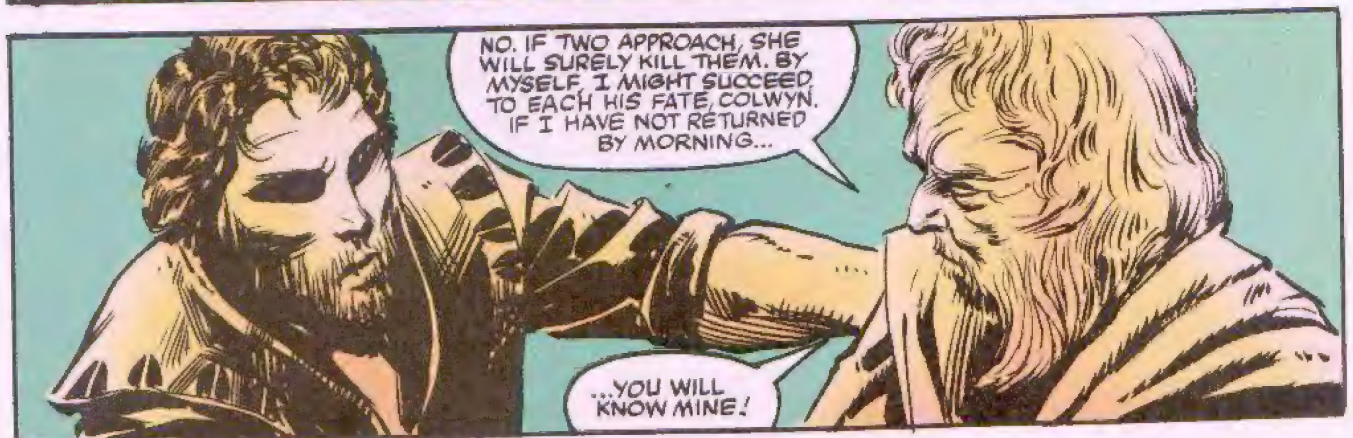
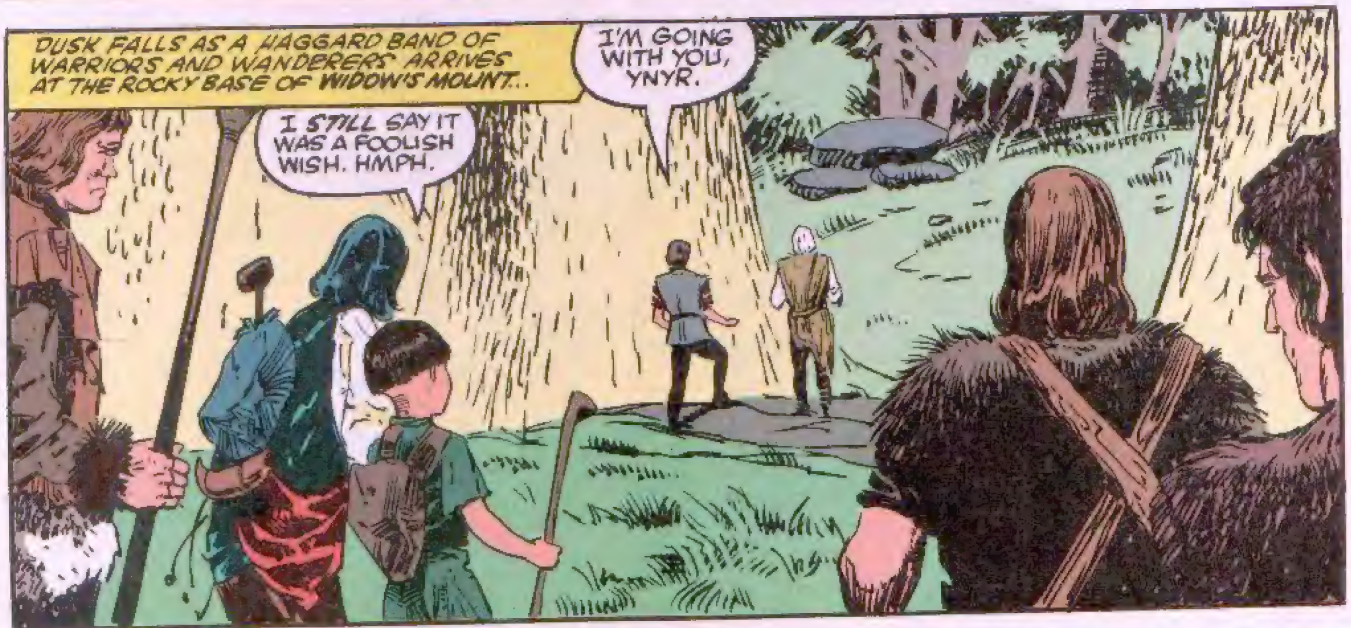
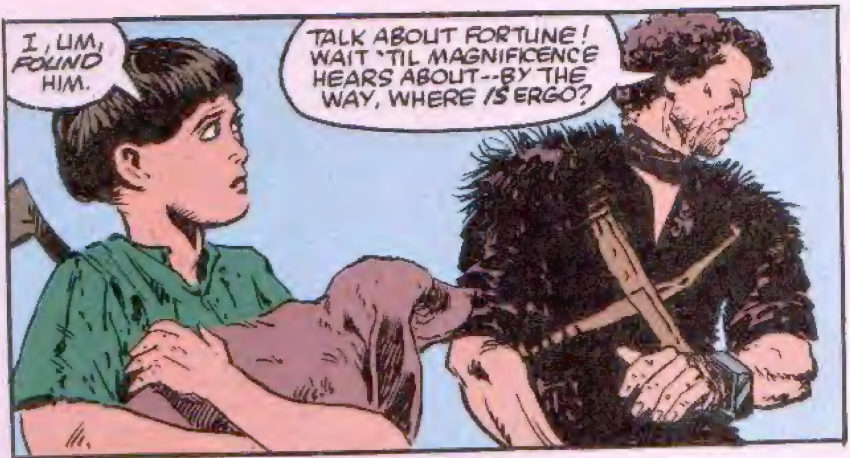


HER NAME  
IS DEATH.

SHE HAD AN-  
OTHER NAME ONCE.  
AN ANCIENT AND  
POWERFUL NAME.

AND THOUGH IT MAY  
BE DANGEROUS, I MUST  
TRY. THE STAKES ARE FAR  
GREATER THAN MY LIFE  
ALONE.







THE SLOPE IS GRADUAL, BUT THE CLIMB REMAINS LONG AND DIFFICULT.



THOUGH AS YNYR NEARS A DARKLING CAVE GOUGED DEEP INTO THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN, HE FINDS HIS FATIGUE SUDDENLY LACED--

-- WITH FEAR!

I... AHENÉ

I SEEK THE WIDOW OF THE WEB!



AND IN A COCOON AT THE CENTER OF THAT WEB...

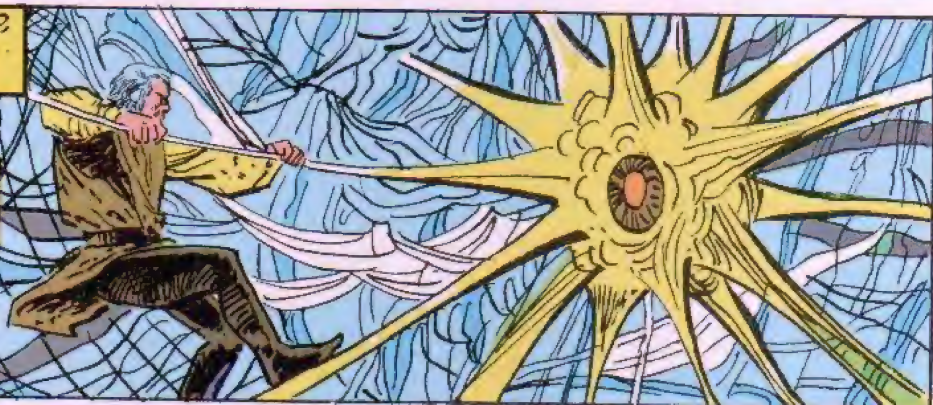
ENTER HERE... AND DIE!



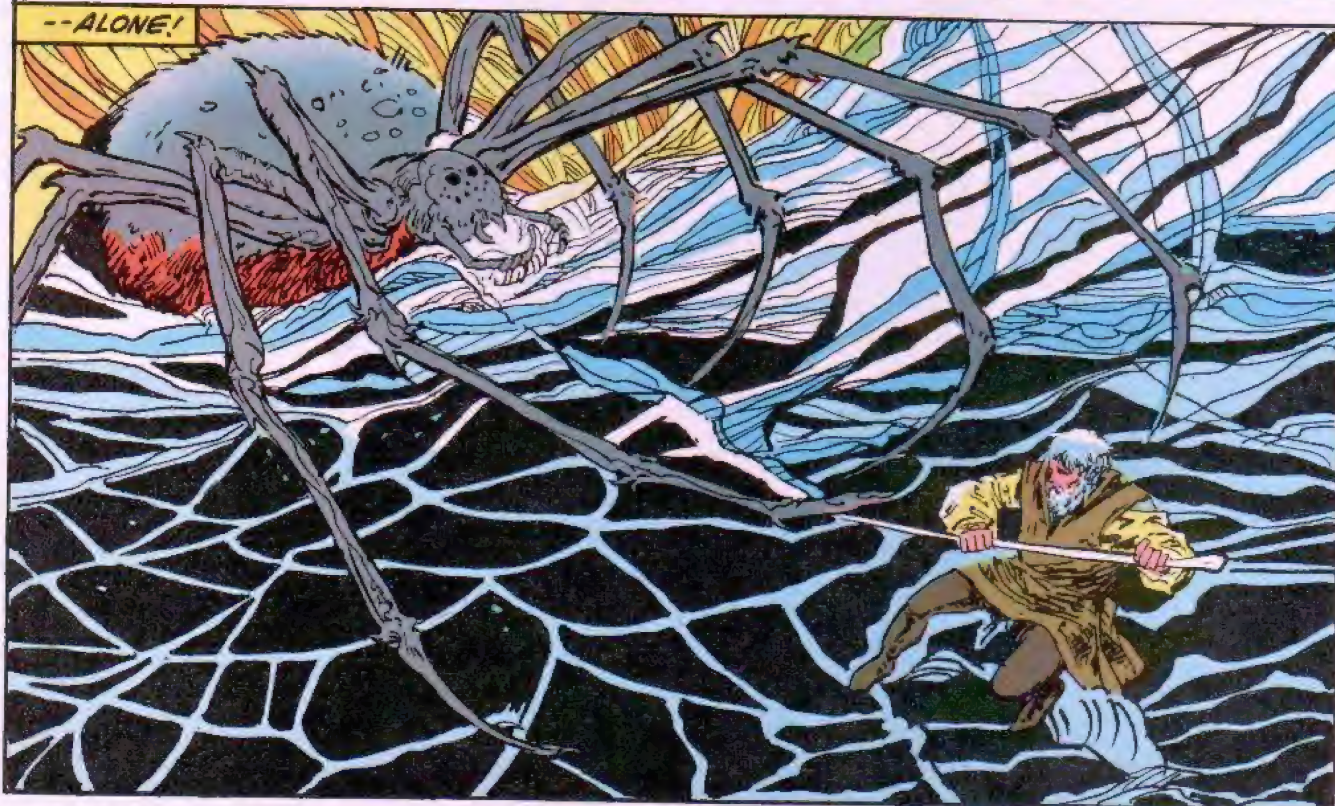
THE OLD ONE STARTS FORWARD, FIGHTING TO MAINTAIN HIS BALANCE ON THE STICKY STRANDS--

-- A TASK MADE EVEN MORE DIFFICULT AS THE WEB SWAYS, AS IF ADJUSTING TO ANOTHER PRESENCE.

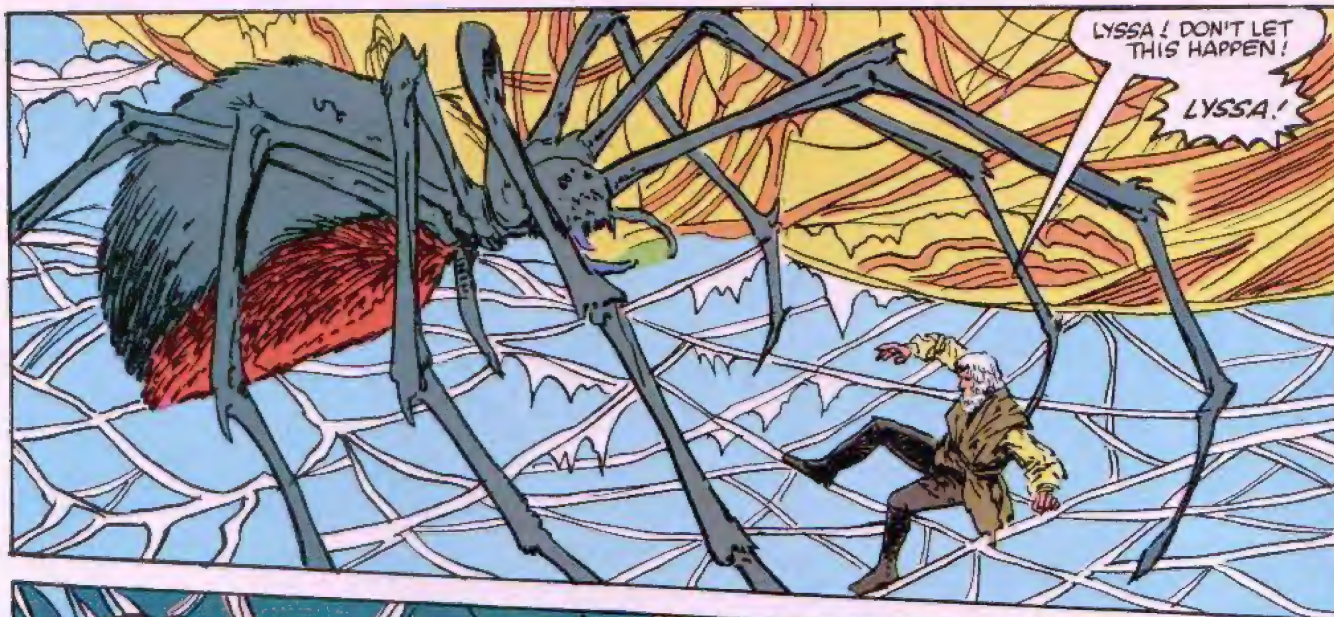
AND IT IS THEN WHEN YNYR REALIZES THAT HE IS NOT COMPLETELY--



-- ALONE!

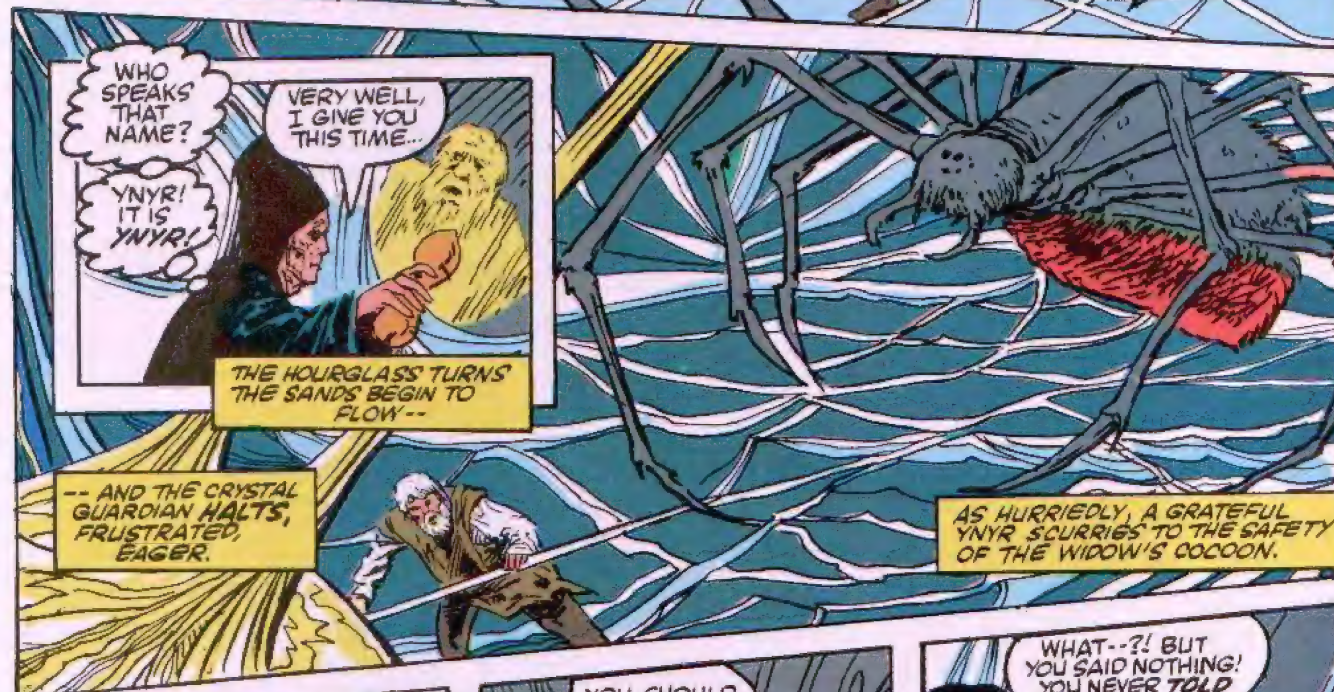






LYSSA! DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN!

LYSSA!



WHO SPEAKS THAT NAME?

VERY WELL, I GIVE YOU THIS TIME...

YNYR! IT IS YNYR!

THE HOURGLASS TURNS THE SANDS BEGIN TO FLOW--

-- AND THE CRYSTAL GUARDIAN HALTS, FRUSTRATED, EAGER.

AS HURRIEDLY, A GRATEFUL YNYR SCURRIES TO THE SAFETY OF THE WIDOW'S COCCON.



WHERE...

LYSSA.

I WAS YOUNG WHEN I LAST HEARD THAT NAME.

I WAS YOUNG WHEN I LAST SPOKE IT TO YOU.



YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT ME, YNYR.

I HAD TO. I HAD MY DUTY--

YOU HAD YOUR SON!



WHAT--?! BUT YOU SAID NOTHING! YOU NEVER TOLD ME--!

YOU HAD LEFT. I WAS ALONE.

I KILLED HIM AT BIRTH.

THIS WEB IS MY PUNISHMENT. I KNOW YOU CANNOT FORGIVE ME...





I CANNOT FORGIVE MYSELF. I'VE ALREADY FORGIVEN YOU. IF NOT, HOW COULD I SEE YOU AS YOU WERE THEN?

YOUR VISION IS A GIFT TO ME, YNYR.



AND YOUR VISION CAN BE A GIFT TO ME. I SEEK THE BLACK FORTRESS.

IT WILL RISE IN THE IRON DESERT TOMORROW, BUT THAT KNOWLEDGE WILL DO YOU LITTLE SERVICE.

NO ONE LEAVES THE WEB ALIVE.



A YOUNG GIRL IS HELD IN THE FORTRESS. A GIRL WITH YOUR NAME.

"LYSSA"? ANOTHER? THEN THE PROPHECY...



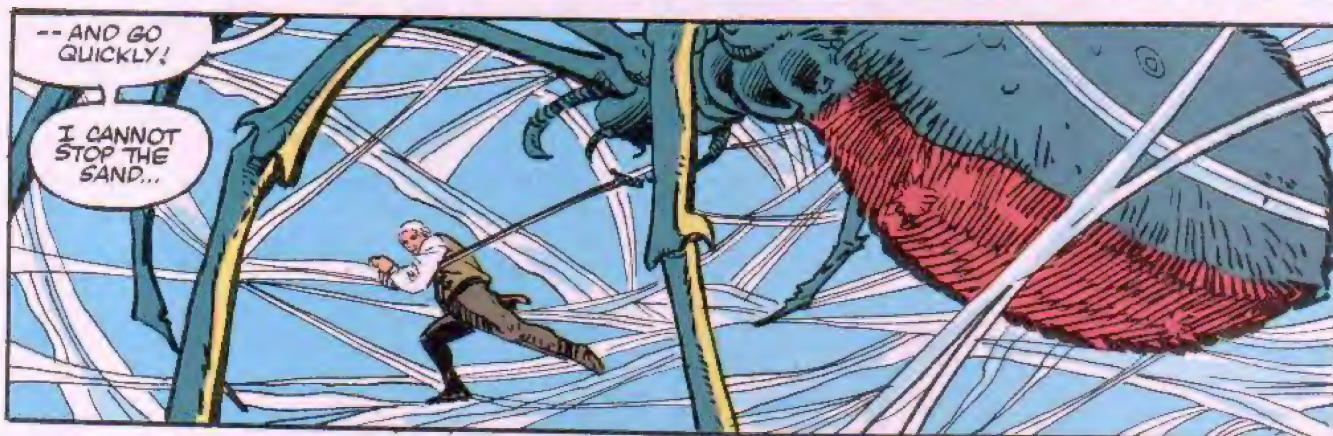
I MUST HELP HERE, THESE ARE THE SANDS OF MY LIFE. ACCEPT THEM AND THE SPIDER WILL NOT HARM YOU.

BUT YOUR OWN LIFE WILL RUN OUT WITH THE SAND.



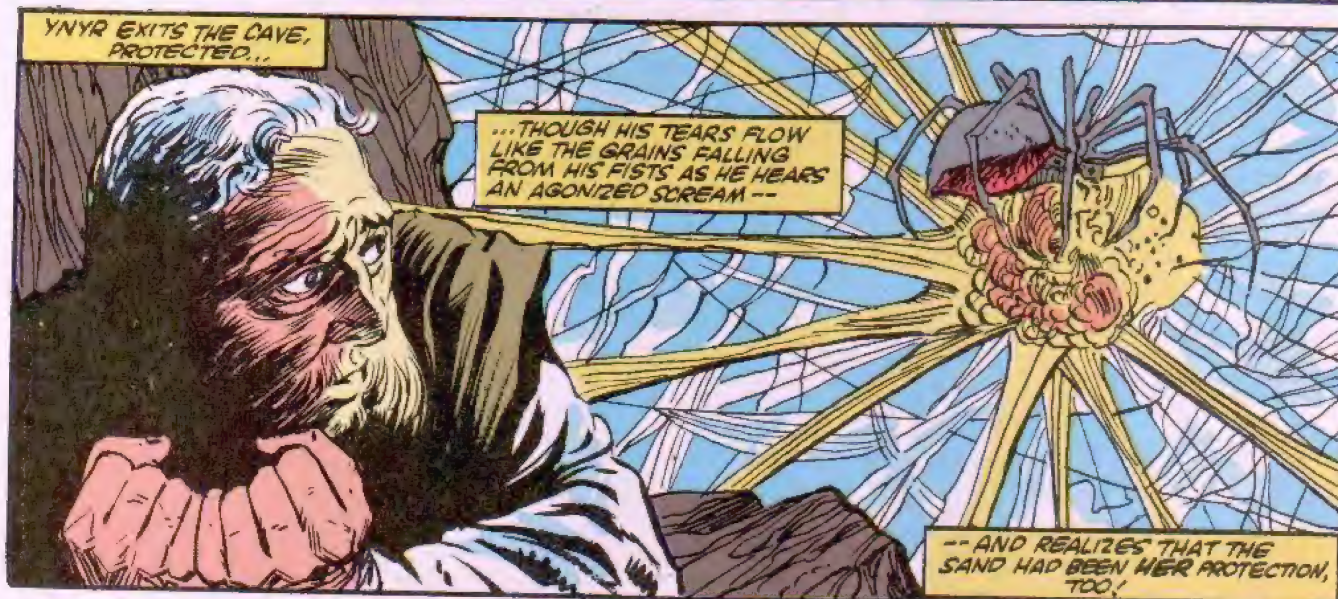
AND YOUR LIFE?

I GIVE IT TO THE GIRL WHO BEARS MY NAME. NOW GO--



-- AND GO QUICKLY!

I CANNOT STOP THE SAND...



YNYR EXITS THE CAVE, PROTECTED...

...THOUGH HIS TEARS FLOW LIKE THE GRAINS FALLING FROM HIS FISTS AS HE HEARS AN AGONIZED SCREAM --

-- AND REALIZES THAT THE SAND HAD BEEN HER PROTECTION, TOO!





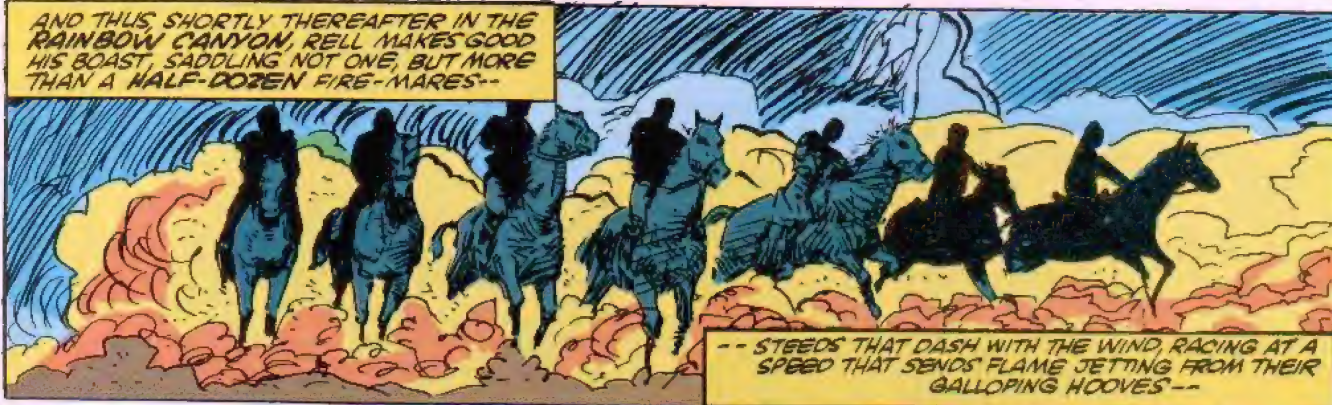


IN A CEREMONY BOTH TERSE AND  
POIGNANT, THE VALIANT YNYR IS  
LAID TO HIS FINAL REST--

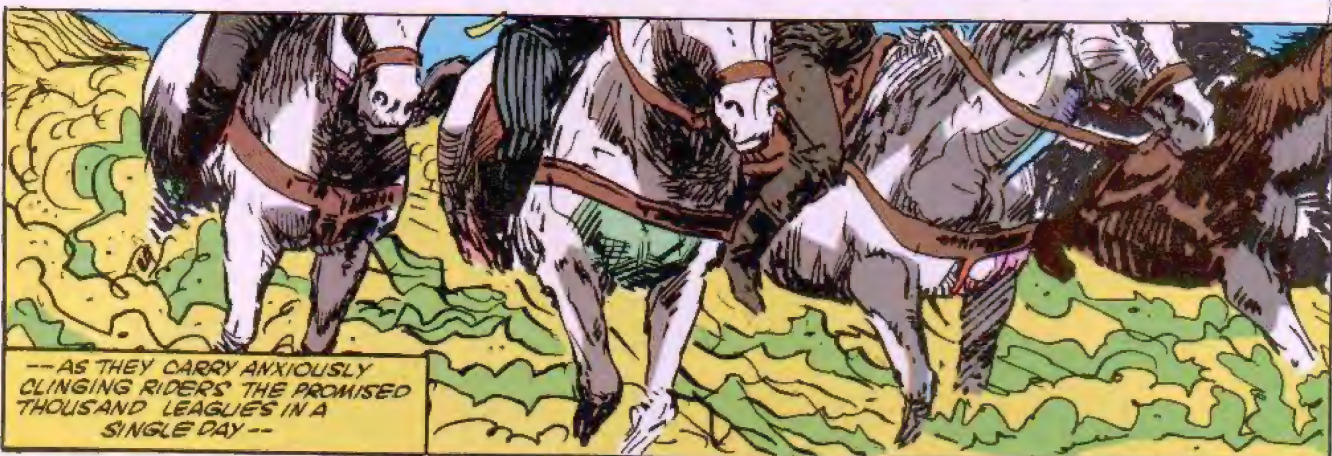


-- AS HIS GRIM-FACED COMRADES  
PLEDGE THAT HIS SACRIFICE WILL  
INDEED NOT BE WASTED.

AND THUS, SHORTLY THEREAFTER IN THE  
RAINBOW CANYON, RELL MAKES GOOD  
HIS BOAST, SADDLING NOT ONE, BUT MORE  
THAN A HALF-DOZEN FIRE-MARES--



-- STEEDS THAT DASH WITH THE WIND, RACING AT A  
SPEED THAT SENDS FLAME JETTING FROM THEIR  
GALLOPING HOVES --



-- AS THEY CARRY ANXIOUSLY  
CLINGING RIDERS THE PROMISED  
THOUSAND LEAGUES IN A  
SINGLE DAY --



-- WITH BUT  
SECONDS  
TO SPARE!

THERE IT IS!  
THE BLACK  
FORTRESS!

AND ONLY  
MADMEN  
WOULD  
WANT TO  
GET THIS  
CLOSE TO  
IT!

WE'RE  
GOING TO  
GET A LOT  
CLOSER!

QUICKLY!  
THE SUNS ARE  
ABOUT TO  
RISE!





HOWEVER, AS COLWYN AND HIS ROBBER  
WARRIORS SCRAMBLE AWKWARDLY ONTO  
THE SLICK BASE OF THE FORTRESS...



SKRRRAK



SHRRIP  
SHHRRIP

NYASH!

RHUN--!



WE'LL HAVE TO CHARGE  
THEM! WE'VE NO CHOICE!  
THE FORTRESS WILL FADE  
SOON!

BUT THEY'LL PICK US  
OFF THE MOMENT WE  
STAND!

I  
WILL  
GO.



WHA--RELL!  
DON'T BE A  
FOOL! THAT'S  
SUICIDE!

PERHAPS, BUT  
THIS IS MY TIME--  
I HAVE SEEN IT.



"AND TO DENY ONE'S DESTINY  
IS MORE THAN FOOLISH --



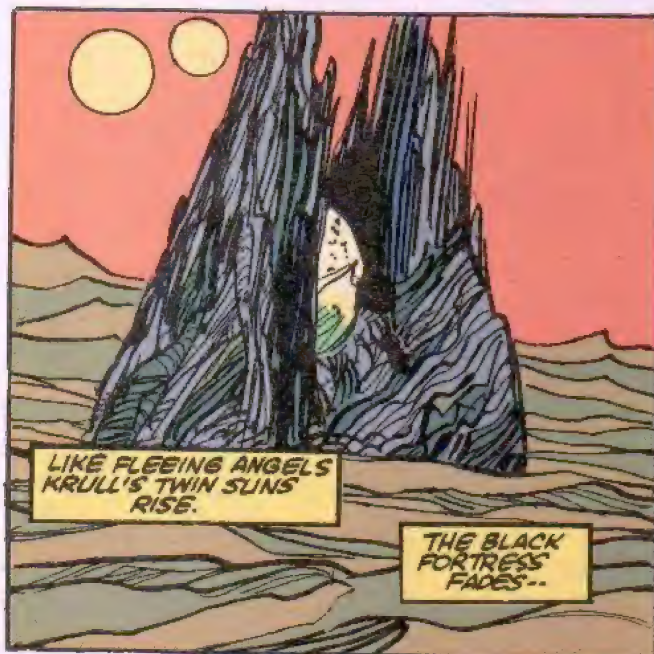
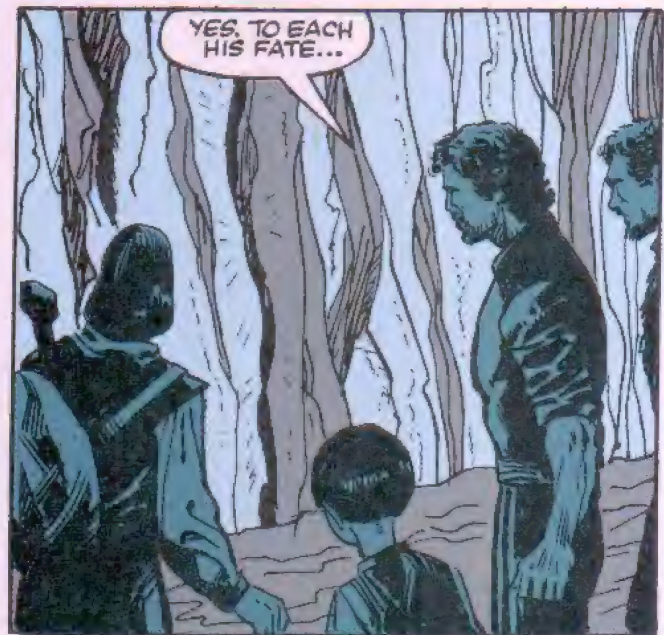
--IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

SLLAKKAK

SRRRREEE

SRRRURGFF

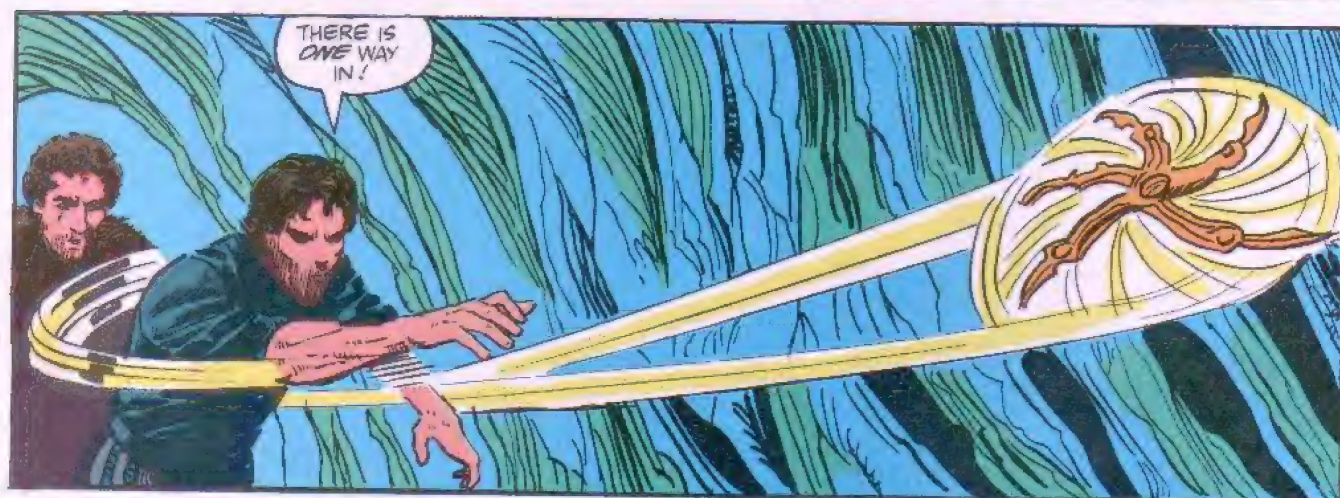




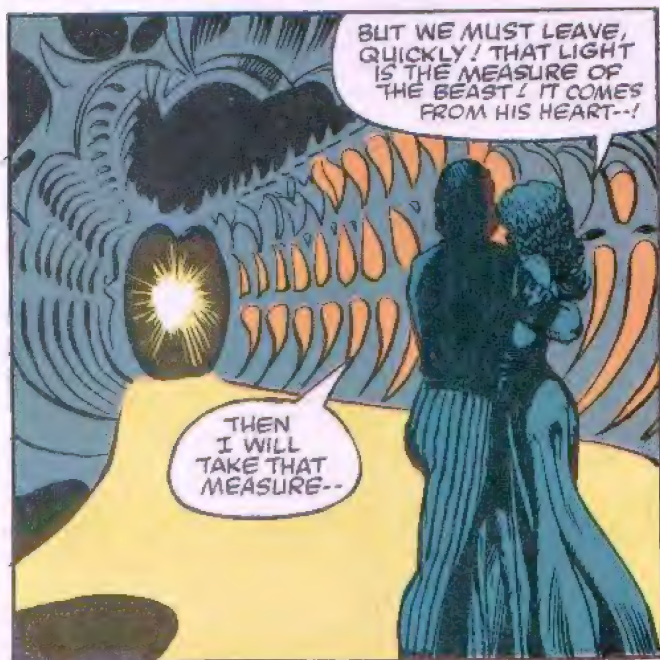




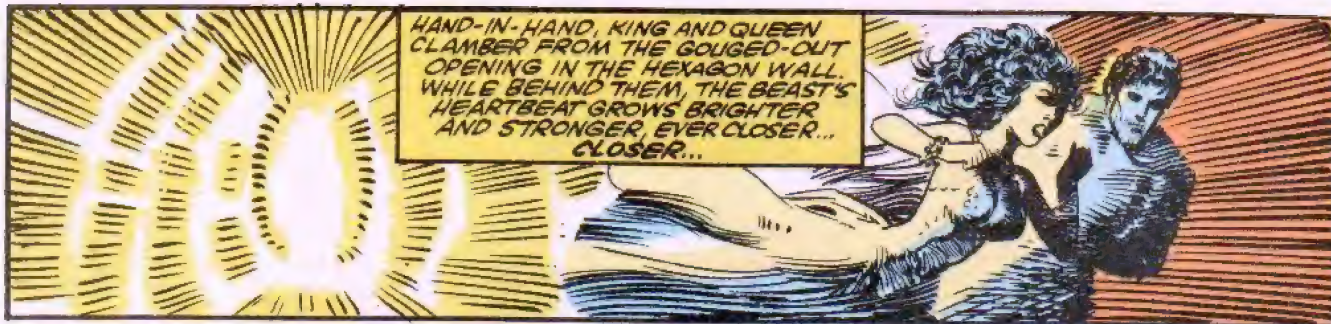












HAND-IN-HAND, KING AND QUEEN CLAMBER FROM THE GOUGED-OUT OPENING IN THE HEXAGON WALL. WHILE BEHIND THEM, THE BEAST'S HEARTBEAT GROWS BRIGHTER AND STRONGER, EVER CLOSER... CLOSER...

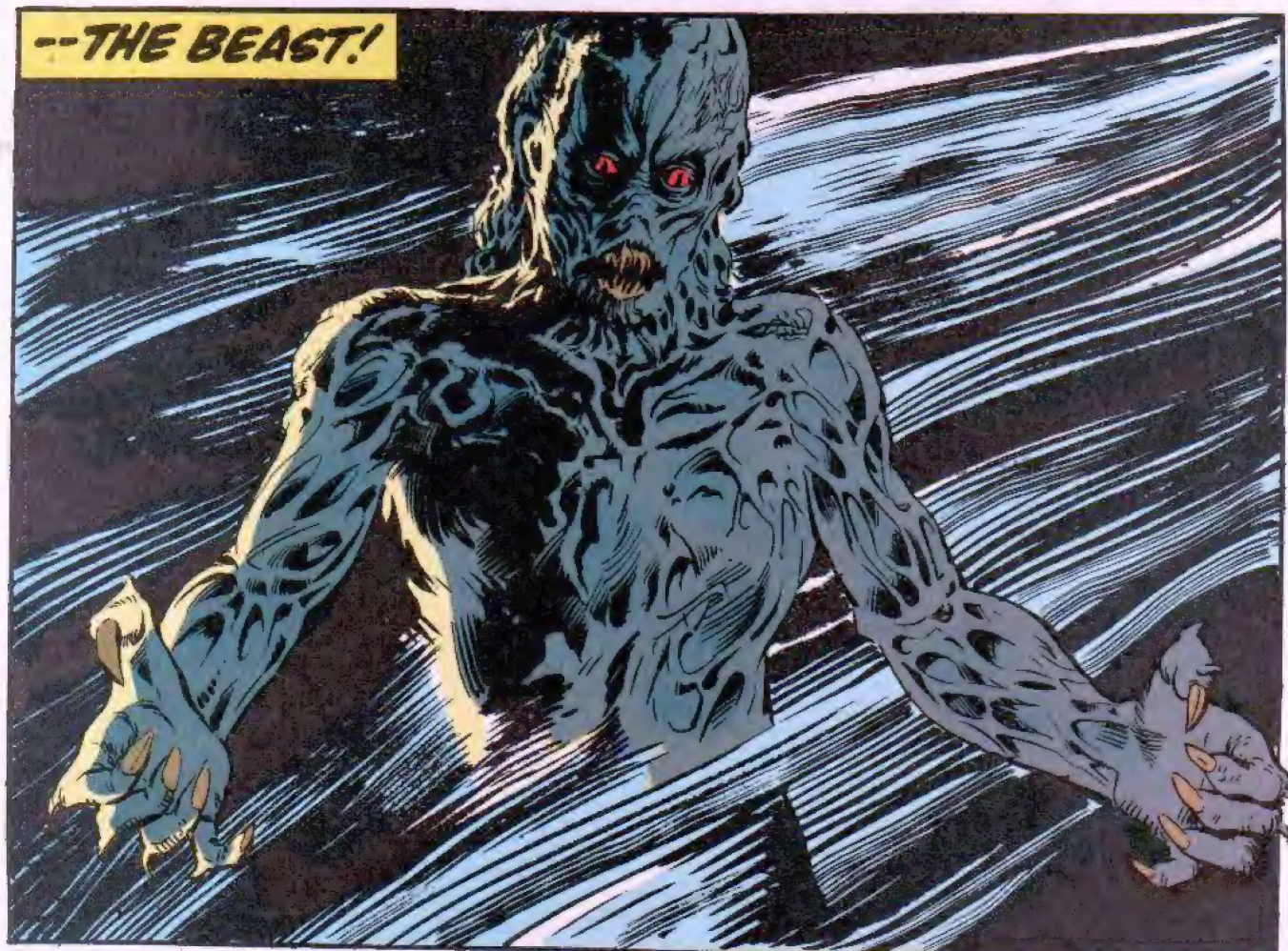


HERE!



COLWYN RISES AND TURNS, RETRIEVING THE FALLEN GLAIVE, MOVING SLOWLY, AS IF THE VERY BLOOD IN HIS VEINS HAD BEEN TOUCHED WITH FROST.

WHEN IN REALITY, IT HAS BEEN SWEEP BY THE ICE-EDGED TERROR OF--



--THE BEAST!









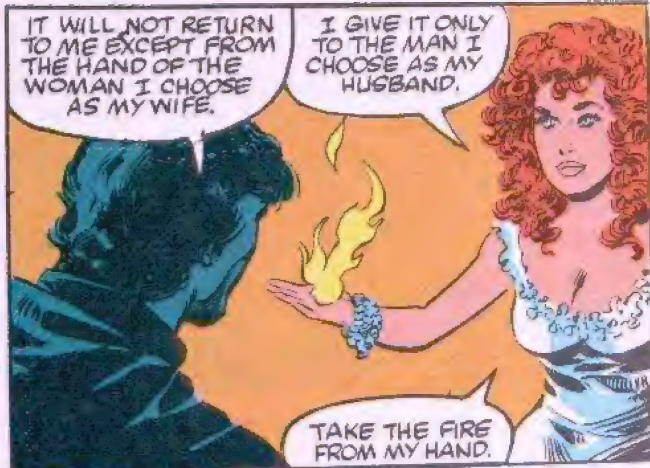




I CANNOT SUMMON THE GLAIVE. WE ARE WEAPONLESS AGAINST HIM!

AND YET, THE BEAST HESITATES! COLWYN WHAT IF IT IS US HE FEARS? US HE CANNOT CONQUER?!

IN AN INSTANT, COLWYN REALIZES THE TRUTH.



IT WILL NOT RETURN TO ME EXCEPT FROM THE HAND OF THE WOMAN I CHOOSE AS MY WIFE.

I GIVE IT ONLY TO THE MAN I CHOOSE AS MY HUSBAND.

TAKE THE FIRE FROM MY HAND.



LIKE A LIVING THING, THE FLAME OF THE ANCIENTS LEAPS TO THE ARM OF THE YOUNG KING.

FLAME THAT IS SERVANT, FLAME THAT IS WEAPON, FLAME THAT IS--



--POWER!

FRRASSHH

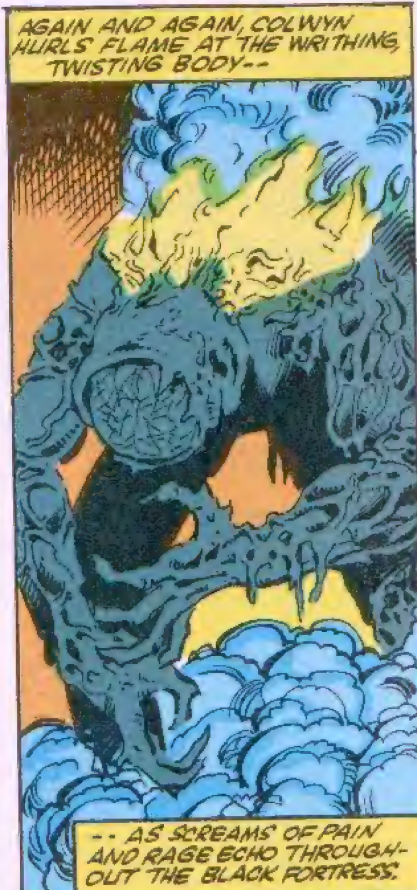


THE BEAST BURNS!

BLOOD-STENCH FILLS THE CHAMBERS!

YYARRGH!

AND KING COLWYN PRESSES FORWARD!



AGAIN AND AGAIN, COLWYN HURLS FLAME AT THE WRITHING, TWISTING BODY--

-- AS SCREAMS OF PAIN AND RAGE ECHO THROUGHOUT THE BLACK FORTRESS.



UNTIL FINALLY, NOTHING REMAINS BUT A LUMP OF SIMMERING, SMOLDERING FLESH.

THE PULSE-LIGHT IS DARK; THE TERROR IS OVER.

THE BEAST IS DEAD.

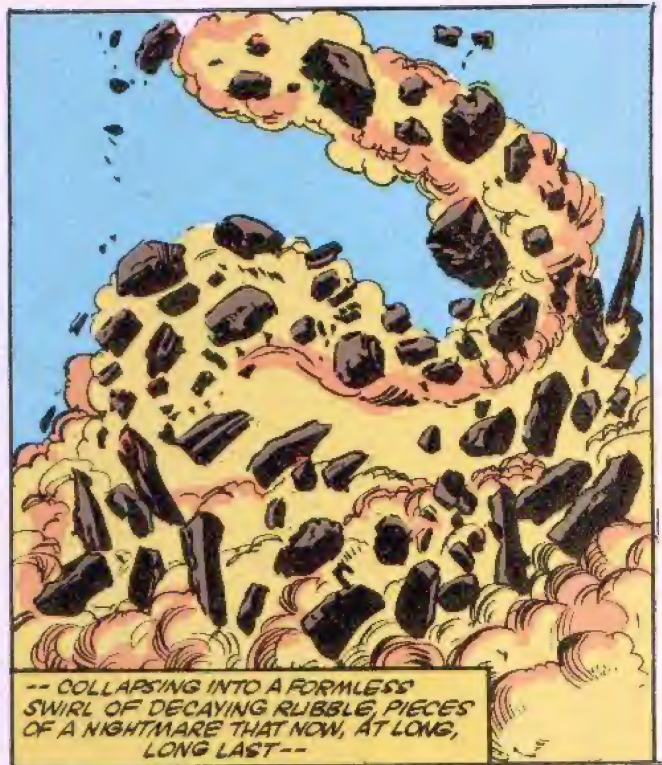
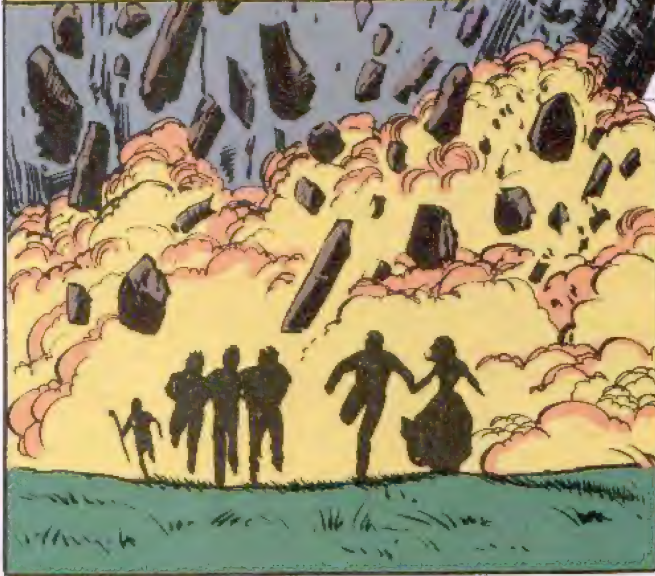






WITH A RELIEF THAT BORDERS  
ON ELATION, THE SURVIVORS RUN  
ONTO A GRASSY, DECEPTIVELY  
PEACEFUL MEADOW.

WHILE BEHIND THEM THE BLACK  
FORTRESS CRACKS, SPLITS, SHRIEKS  
AND SHATTERS--



-- COLLAPSING INTO A FORMLESS  
SWIRL OF DECAYING RUBBLE, PIECES  
OF A NIGHTMARE THAT NOW, AT LONG,  
LONG LAST--

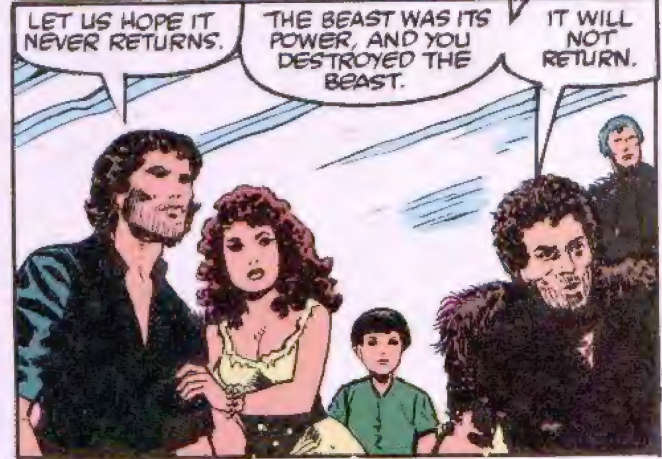
-- COMES TO  
AN END.



LET US HOPE IT  
NEVER RETURNS.

THE BEAST WAS ITS  
POWER, AND YOU  
DESTROYED THE  
BEAST.

IT WILL  
NOT  
RETURN.



"A girl of ancient name shall  
become queen. She shall  
choose a king and together  
they shall rule our world. And  
their son shall rule the galaxy!"







# HOW TO MAKE A WORLD

*Put two suns in the sky and an army of geniuses beneath them*

"I'm in favor of audiences being more sophisticated. If they demand a high standard, then we have to give it to them."

Derek Meddings, Visual Effects Supervisor

Hardly a summer goes by without a movie that expands the art of film, that pushes the definition of excellence beyond last year's milestone. Today's movie audiences are the toughest ever. If a film doesn't have it all—story, character, action and more action—it'll be gone like a cool breeze in July.

*Krull* is built to last. Director Peter Yates, who taught the movies how to stage a chase in *Bullitt* and showed us all how to grow a little in *Breaking Away*, has teamed up with Columbia Pictures to try and top the excitement generated by Columbia's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. It's a tall order, but they're up to it.

A year of pre-production preparation included the assembling of a stellar crew of filmmakers who number among their credits some of the best-

known action films of all time. Peter Suschitzky, director of photography, shot *The Empire Strikes Back* and *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. Costume designer Anthony Mendleson has been honored for his work on *Macbeth*, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Dragonslayer*. Visual Effects Supervisor Derek Meddings has done five James Bond films, including *Moonraker*, and two of the *Superman* movies.

When production finally began on *Krull* in January, 1982, there was little doubt among those assembled that the months ahead would be demanding, exhausting and, ultimately, richly rewarding.

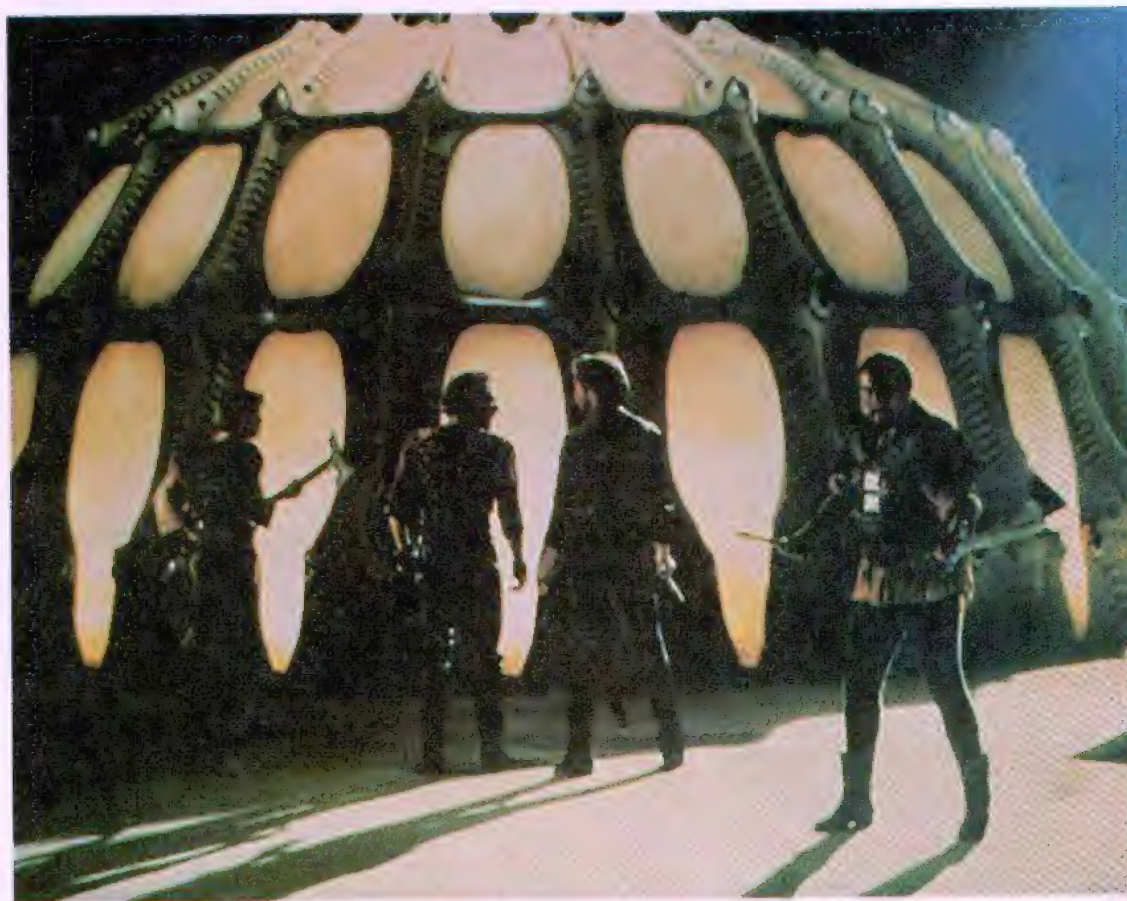
Peter Yates returned to England and Pinewood Studios after fifteen years in America. What brought him back was no ordinary project. "What attracted me to *Krull*," he explained, "is its lack of realism. It is a swashbuckling adventure, a romantic fantasy embedded in its own reality. *Krull* was an opportunity to let my imagination run free."

To give your imagination free reign, you must have tremendous powers of organization; otherwise the schedule and budget go out the window, followed quickly by the director. Yates said the temperament needed in making this kind of film is somewhere between "a convention director and an army field marshal."

"We sometimes had as many as four or five units shooting simultaneously, and in order to stay in control of everything that's going on, I had to do a lot of homework and surround myself with people who are absolutely brilliant at what they do."

Brilliance without hard work doesn't get much film into the can. The five months of principal photography and lengthy post-production effects work and editing tested the talent and perseverance of the entire company. The script is demanding and the audience is demanding, but the pride and desire of the entire production company make the toughest, and final, judgment. It's the artist who has to know when to put down the brush.

**RIGHT:** Three separate units operating simultaneously filmed the 11 sets that constituted the interior of the nightmarish Black Fortress, lair of the Beast.



**LEFT:** The Cavern of the Glaive is really a small sound stage. Technicians spent weeks mixing the "hot lava" and devising ways to pump it from giant underground tanks.



The firemares of Krull posed some of the biggest problems those artists faced. They started with the biggest horses in the world, Clydesdales. You might think they only haul beerwagons at a sedate trot on TV commercials, but that's not the half of it. These huge horses were bred to such fantastic size (six feet tall, at the shoulder!) to be able to carry a knight in full armor around the battlefield all day.

Stunt co-ordinator Vic Armstrong went to the source – Clydesdale, Scotland – to find the biggest, most unusual looking examples of the breed. Nowadays, Clydesdales are used in harness, not ridden, so the sixteen

studio-bound horses had to be broken in and specially trained to put up with the paces they'd be put through in the name of realism.

To achieve the effect of the horses being ridden at incredible speed, it was decided to have the horses gallop on an especially constructed treadmill in front of a "blue screen" that would allow a speeding background scene to be combined with the horses and riders. The wind machines cranked up to 80 miles an hour. Lights flashed and glared unnaturally. Smoke and flame surrounded the action. All these elements were absolutely essential to the effect and completely unknown and

frightening to the horses. While they burned up hay, barley, sugarbeet and bran at a weekly tab of a cool grand, six full-time wranglers patiently trained the steeds to handle all of the above with grace under pressure.

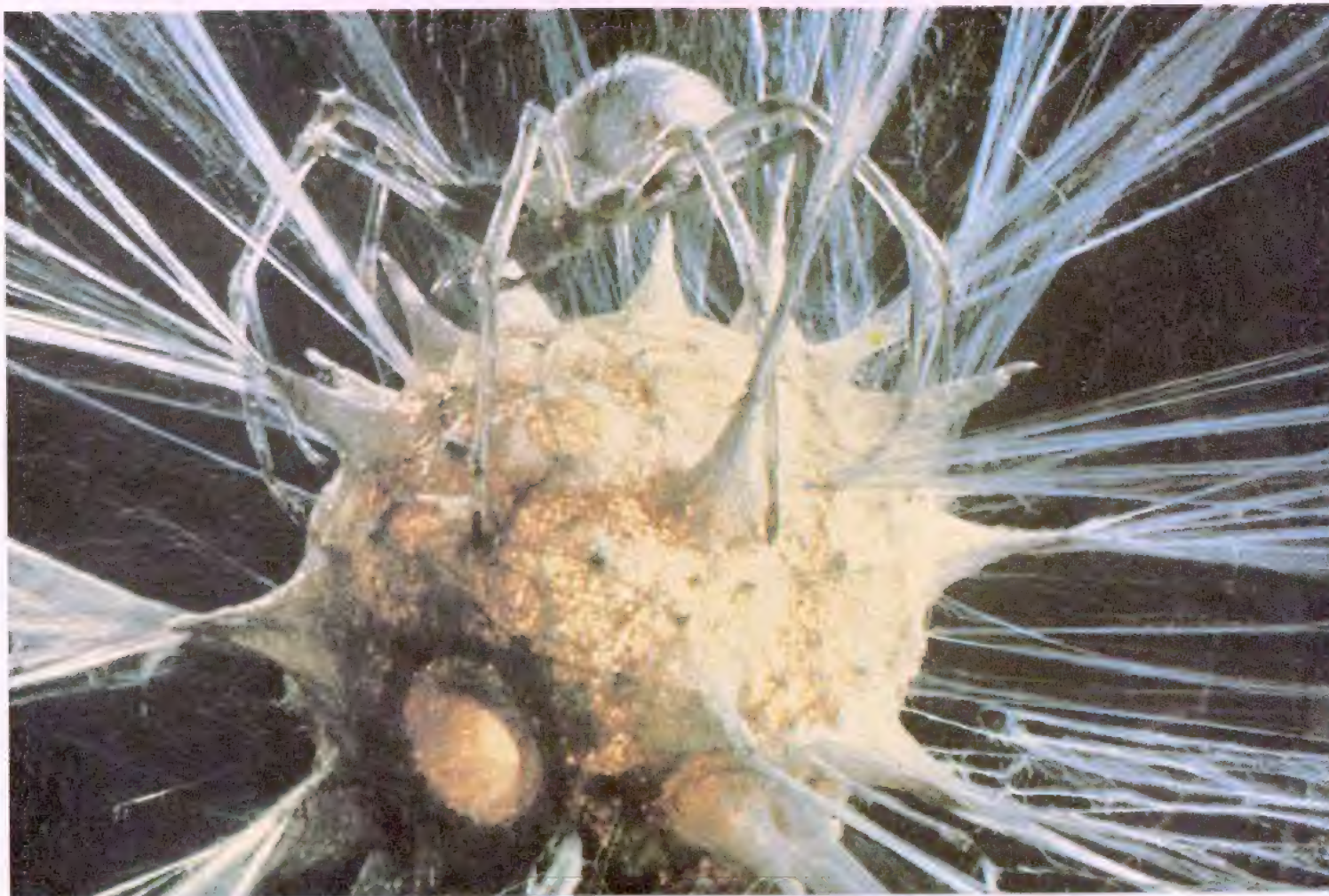
However much they were trained, they couldn't manage to strike any flame from the ground with their hooves. For that, mechanical legs were devised that could be hydraulically activated while hung on a boom over the side of a speeding car. It was up to the editing to make all the different shots work together for the firemares' ride.



Sixteen massive Clydesdale horses, accompanied by eight grooms, were transported from Scotland to the Abruzzi Mountains in Central Italy to create KRULL's firemare scenes. Each animal had to have its own passport accompanied by two photos, one before makeup and one after. The roundup sequence, below, is among the most beautiful in the movie.







The lair of the crystal spider was actually two sets on adjacent stages, the web of a matrix of spun fibre glass. Animator Steve Archer gave life to the spider itself, a task that took months of painstaking labor.

Another tall order to fill was the Widow of the Web's meeting with Ynyr, chaperoned by the crystal spider. To accomplish this, models of the cave and the widow's cocoon were combined with optical effects, a spider enlivened by stop-motion animation and, yes, even an actor or two.

The master animator on the job was Steven Archer, a relative newcomer who learned his craft on *Clash of the Titans* from the great Ray Harryhausen. He labored sixty days on a few minutes worth of the completed film, working with a clear plastic spider suspended on wires over a web made of thicker wires. Even the sinking of the web under the spider's weight was carefully calculated and included in the effect.

As chilling as the crystal spider is the widow's instant aging in front of the camera. Credit for this one goes to make-up effects designer Nick Maley. For six hours each day, he applied the 23 pieces of latex that transformed Francesca Annis into just one stage of the widow's remarkable aging process. For the next day's shooting, it was another six hour application of 23 new pieces.



Francesca Annis, one of the most beautiful actresses in the world, was transformed into the ancient, withered Widow of the Web by the wizardry of make-up designer Nick Maley. Maley needed six hours a day for the job.





As difficult as this effect was to achieve, the making of the Cyclops was an even greater challenge. Maley tried for a "fine balance" of mechanical effects employed for the top half of the head and the latex pieces that blend it into the actor's own face. The relationship between Maley and actor Bernard Breslaw was quite close, and had to be, considering each was at least half responsible for the believability of their shared creation.

Maley manipulated the cyclop's mechanical eye by way of a four-channel radio-control system.

"Bernard controlled the lower part of his face," Maley said. "I controlled the upper. When he was trapped between the Black Fortress' doors, I was three feet away, squatting by a video monitor, suffering every moment with him."

**LEFT: Two men, one eye:** While actor Bernard Breslaw emotes, make-up wizard Mick Maley manipulates that single eye in the middle of Breslaw's forehead. Both men say the collaboration was, to put it mildly, unique.

**RIGHT: Krull's forest scenes** were shot on one of Pinewood Studio's mammoth sound stages. Moss imported from Wales was draped on the "trees" and boulders. Hundreds of ferns, brackens, fungi and lichen added finishing touches.





The weapons of Krull are designed to be a fearsome match for the warriors who wield them. The Glaive puts other weapons of legend to rout, and it almost stumped the efforts of the effects technicians to make all five blades snap to the ready at the same instant. Exotic techniques were tried in vain but a simple spring arrangement finally did the trick. The rest of the bolos, maces, crossbows and knives only present problems to those slayers unfortunate enough to get in their way.

The white castle, site of the interrupted wedding of Colwyn and Lyssa, seen in long shots as a fairy tale come to life, is actually a model. But those cold words hardly do justice to the twenty foot construction. Designed as a midground miniature, when photographed on location in Italy with live knights on horseback in the foreground, it won't even suggest that it doesn't really tower over the landscape.

The interiors of the Castle show that production designer Stephen Grimes knows enough about castles to make this one special. "A castle on a fantasy planet like Krull has to be recognizable as a castle, but then again, it must be unlike any castle you have ever seen," he said.



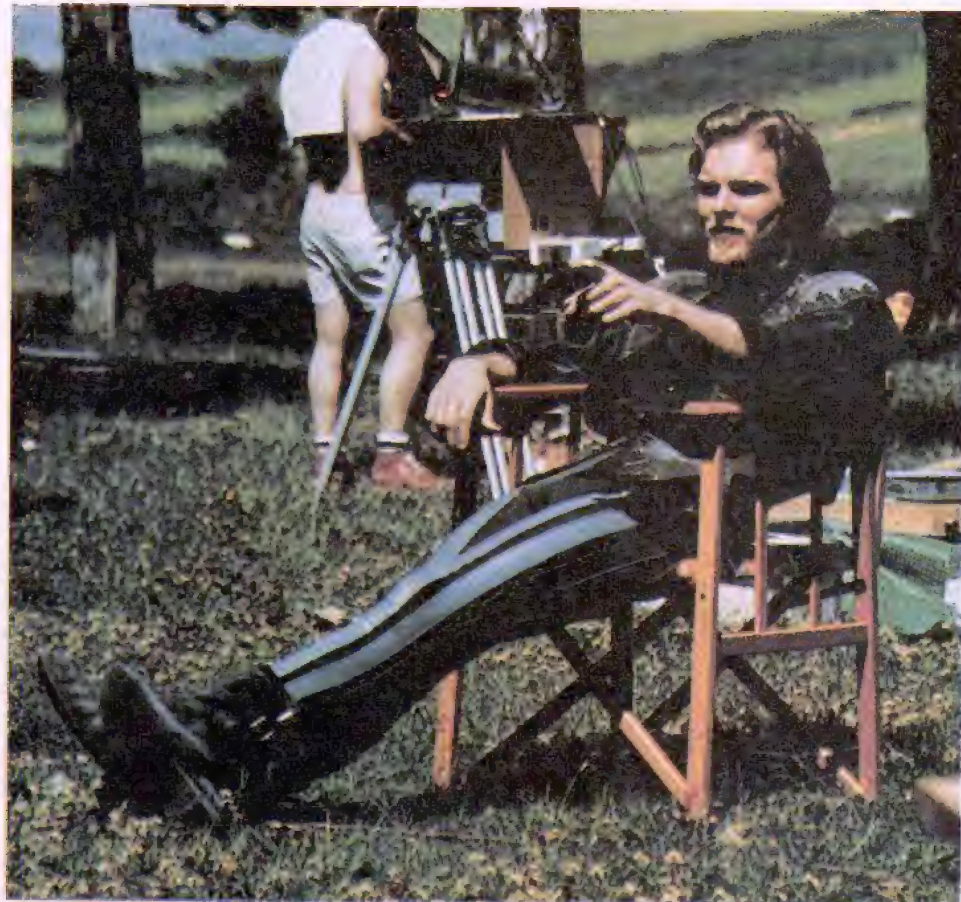
After experimenting with dozens of ways to make the Glaive's blades pop out, *Krull's* technicians finally hit on a simple spring arrangement. Ken Marshall became expert with the weapon.

Lyssa's white castle is actually a 40-foot high model constructed at Pinewood Studios. It took six members of the special effects crew a full month to assemble it in Italy where it was filmed in a magnificent natural setting.





Actor Ken Marshall, who plays Prince Colwyn, learned to take his relaxation at odd moments while he was in Asia filming the widely acclaimed miniseries *Marco Polo* for television. Marshall's next movie will be "La Pelle," co-starring Burt Lancaster and Marcello Mastroianni.



BELOW: The deadly quicksand is actually four tons of painted cork floating in the same huge tank that once held submarines in a James Bond film.





These huge sets, over seventy feet tall, tested his talents, but the most complicated set in the *Krull* production was the swamp. The only stage in the world that could hold such a mammoth fantasy is the world's largest: the "007" stage at Pinewood. For five months, a small army of technicians created the steaming, bilious wasteland with its treacherous quicksand. The same tank that held submarines in *Moonraker* held four tons of painted cork that looks and acts like quicksand, except that it's predictable. Accidental dunkings in the quicksand were common enough to be a dependable source of amusement on the set. Final score: Swamp-20, Crew-0. Not bad for four weeks in the swamp.

One clue to the origins of the look of the swamp was offered by Grimes: "When I was designing the sequence I couldn't get out of my mind photographs I had seen of the crosses on the battlefields of the Somme in World War I." The swamp took on the appearance of "a dead and blasted heath, studded with bare, jagged trees."

A less forbidding environment of the planet Krull, but one equally awe-inspiring, is the giant forest. There, tree trunks over 22 feet in diameter (implying a height of 250 feet) dwarf

the characters. Four hundred sacks of beech leaves were gathered and dried for use along with some 3,000 square feet of moss imported from Wales.

For a setting suggesting a rocky terrain, no fewer than eighty tons of gravel especially selected from a Devonshire quarry are used to create just the right atmosphere.

Music is counted on by today's filmmakers to do its fair share of setting and changing an audience's mood, most effectively when they don't consciously know they're being manipulated. At age 29, James Horner is recognized as a major talent in film scoring. A seasoned veteran would be proud to claim the credits earned by the composer of *Krull's* music: *Wolfen*, *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*, *48 Hours*, *Something Wicked This Way Comes* and *Brainstorm*. If this guy gets any faster he'll start putting lots of composers out of work.

In a rip-roaring action movie, actors can sometimes seem to be an afterthought — people to read some lines in-between the good parts. But for all its majestic trappings and fantastic happenings, *Krull* is the story of people. We understand their hopes and fears, laugh and gasp as they do.

As Colwyn and Lyssa, Ken Marshall and Lysette Anthony embody the spirit

of young love, mature sacrifice and raw courage. Marshall's first starring part was in the title role in the TV miniseries *Marco Polo*. He combines the derring-do of Errol Flynn with his own personal magnetism in this juicy part as the embattled ruler of a star-crossed planet. Lysette Anthony's work with Britain's National Youth Theatre made the producers confident in her ability to handle the role of Lyssa though she was only seventeen years old when she was cast.

Every film owes much to the films that have gone before it. The fine movies we grow up with are inspiration to countless filmmakers. A great story enriches the life of all its readers and compels some of them to weave their own tales of great men and great deeds. *Krull's* makers acknowledge this debt to movies from *Captain Blood* and *the Adventures of Robin Hood* right up through the movies that made us laugh and cheer and cry only last week.

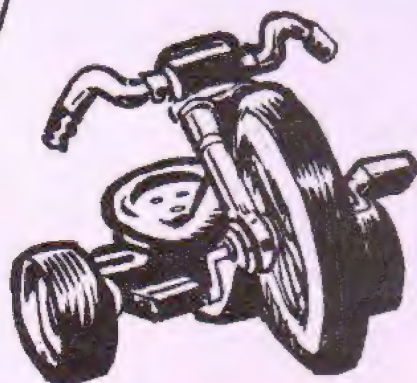
But *Krull* is special. It's a chance to hit one out of the park, to take home all the chips, to do what you've always believed you could.

Where love conquers all, and the imagination the only boundary, there is *Krull*.

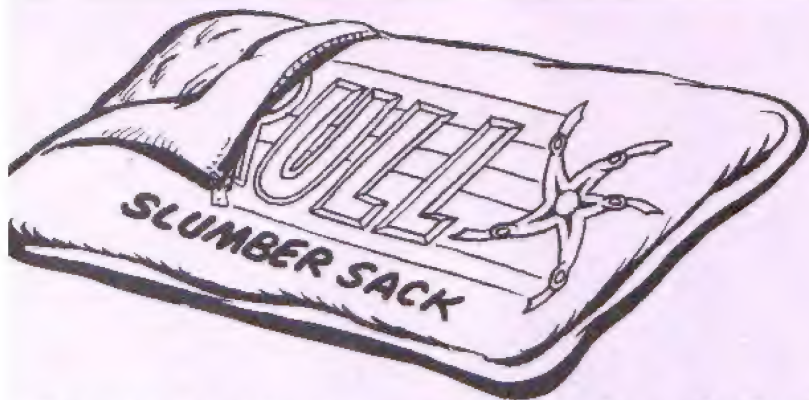
For both actor Ken Marshall and director Peter Yates, *KRULL* was a unique challenge, unlike anything they had ever done before.











# KRULL-MANIA!

*Now everyone can have a complete (almost) Krull lifestyle*

The best filmmakers don't stop till they've created entire worlds for the exclusive use of their characters. Movie magic and big bucks fuel the craftspeople who spend the best 60-hour weeks of their lives making sure that the audience's suspension of disbelief is not an accident, but a certainty.

The filmmaker's fantasies end when the film is bestowed upon the public, but that's when the real fantasy gets started. Why bother to create a planet if it can't nurture the thousand imaginings inspired by a compelling tale and people well met?

The thrills of watching a good movie are only a fraction of a film's capacity to entertain. A super-blockbuster has to provide more than a few minutes of fun in the dark. It has to be a foundation for play, fantasy, creative mythology, literature, art, entire lifestyles, even lives.

While actors and directors are still laboring over each take, and effects wizards tediously coax energy from matter, other creators of the expanding universe of the movies are hard at work. Their mission is to change part of this world, the real, into the world of the film, the fantastic.

*Krull* is a world of fantasy exceeding the high standards of the modern action film. And, like all good fantasies, it can't be kept locked away inside a theater. Epic conflicts demand resolution but they must also be re-enacted, passed from person to person, woven into oral history and painted on the cave wall.

The only problem with that is it'll probably cost you your lease. And, these days, even a nice, dry cave is hard to find. Despair not. Modern civilization provides an outlet for this frustrated artistic impulse. Today, we have the tee-shirt, that walking flag of allegiance, coat of arms, true colors on display to all — freemen and knights, friend or foe. Krull tee-shirts are avail-

able everywhere.

Care to be even more closely identified with *Krull*'s source of ultimate evil, the Beast? Then grit your teeth around a Tums and seek out the certifiably gruesome latex mask from the Taylor Hume Schmand companies. We recommend a good set of earplugs to go with it if you're planning to, uh, surprise anyone.

If some neighborhood trick-or-treating is more your style, don't neglect the Halloween costumes of the Beast and the Cyclops. Their otherworldly magic is guaranteed to prevail on your home planet for the night, at least till cock's crow. By then, no doubt, you'll have slipped into your *Krull* slumbersack, clad in your Krull pajamas.

Feeling a bit gamy from your evening's adventures? Then you'll surely want a *Krull* beach towel on hand for after your bath, though in your bathroom it won't start conversations like it will at the beach. There are worse things to contemplate while on or under the boardwalk than the romantic adventure of the year. Be on the lookout for a knockout of ancient name.

While you're waiting, a snack from the *Krull* lunch kit will keep up your strength. A tune from the *Krull* radio will keep up your sunny side. It also works great for precipitation probabilities, paid political announcements and news of Black Fortress sightings.

If *Krull* be Camelot, then the *Glaive* is Excalibur. A weapon that is part of the spirit of the land and the people, the Glaive waits through the ages for a champion to wield it in the nation's defense. Only a great hero will dare to take up this five-armed, super-*shuriken*; the power of the Glaive will not allow itself to be used less than wisely.

Are you hero enough? Is your purpose truly worthy? Can you locate the toy store near you? Then try out the official Glaive from the folks at Kusan.

And don't miss their action game based on the power of the Glaive.

Board game and card games that recapture the challenge of *Krull* are coming from the Parker Brothers. Puzzles are coming from American Publishing, along with their PrestoMagix dry-transfer character sets.

You say you're not satisfied? The world of *Krull* still stirs the fires within you? You won't rest till you've personally had a crack at the Beast, in living color, in real time?

Calm yourselves, inter-planetary adventurers, your search is ended. The video game imagineers of Atari (home) and Gottlieb (arcade) have brought forth adventures that pit you against the awesome perils of *Krull*, including Mr. B and a few surprises. It'll keep you mumbling, "It's not just a movie... It's not just a movie..."

Need more elbow action for your arcade amusement? Can't work up a sweat if you're more than a whisker away from "TILT!"? Then it's the Gottlieb *Krull* pinball for you, bud. We've got winners.

We bet you know someone who'd appreciate *Krull* collector stickers. Or maybe the *Krull* tricycle, which comes complete with its own sword and scabbard. Just the thing for hurtling across the Iron Desert to make 'em taste your cold steel.

Legs getting tired? Then curl up in a cozy chair and rev up your imagination. Mighty Marvel's comics adaptation, and the Super Special you're reading now, let you re-live all or part of the *Krull* saga. Take your pick, the Glaive never misses.

Those of you who wish to experiment with the very latest in entertainment media may be amused by the Warner paperback called *Krull*, written by Alan Dean Foster. It's one of those "non-graphic novels" you've probably heard about.







# HERE COME THE BRIDES...

*A dozen real-life Lyssas and Colywyns take their vows Krull-style*



Too rarely does the real meet the fantastic, but in the case of the Krull wedding, a run in the fabric of the universe worked an unexpected wonder.

The "Win a Krull Wedding Contest" makes a fantasy real for a dozen pairs of sweethearts planning weddings this summer. Columbia pictures and Alfred Angelo Bridals are doing their best to work the magic of Krull, the good magic anyway, and begin twelve marriages in the style only other-worldly royalty have engaged.

Over a thousand bridal shops participated in the contest, distributing entry blanks to eligible couples who scheduled weddings for this spring and summer. They were challenged to complete this statement (in the customary 25 words, or less): "I would like to win a fantasy-come-true Krull wedding in Hollywood because..."

After the deadline time expired in June, the judges had a few days to examine the thousands of entries before the winners were notified. They had just enough time to get ready for the July 21st wedding.

The location for this rite is a temple of fantasy beyond the reach even of crowned heads, although Hollywood royalty has always been welcome. Mann's Chinese Theatre, a Hollywood Boulevard landmark for generations of movie lovers, agreed to host the ceremony in its forecourt paved with the footprints of the stars.

But for this day, no one tries to fill John Wayne's boots or Grable's gams. As at every wedding, all eyes are on the bride. And of course, her wedding gown. The Krull wedding gown is a creation of Alfred Angelo, designer of wedding costumes for *Rocky II*, *True Confessions*, *Romantic Comedy* and the classic film wedding of all time, *Father of the Bride*.

In the film, the girl of ancient name, Lyssa, is abducted on her wedding day by the Beast. Having no time to pack, she spends the rest of the film wearing her wedding dress. It serves as a constant reminder that she's no run-of-the-mill damsel in distress.

For the record, the contest winners' dress is an adaptation of the film's costume, done in chiffon and embroidery, featuring a Watteau Train. The groom, lest we forget, wears an After Six tuxedo.

Before the wedding, Max Factor make-up artists make sure each bride is looking her best. The rest of us can take advantage of the new line of Krull-inspired colors, the "Flames of Autumn" from Maxi, available this summer. There's no guarantee you'll look as good as Lysette Anthony (*Krull's* Lyssa) does on the cover of the June/July *Modern Bride* magazine, but keep trying.

No wedding would be complete without flowers, here supplied by Florafax. Kodak will present the

couples with instant cameras, so the folks back home can share in the fun. For the trip from the Beverly Hills Hilton to their San Francisco Hilton honeymoon, the bridal toothbrushes and sundry will be pampered in a set of Pegasus luggage.

The San Francisco honeymoon is planned to give the winning couples a very special bay area vacation experience. They'll tour the vineyard country, including a look in at a working winery. Another day trip will venture south to one of the most beautiful spots on earth, the Monterey peninsula.

Western Airlines will pick up and deliver the couples for the honeymoon and wedding due to the seasonal shortage of fire mares.

At the heart of any wedding are the vows. The expectations of generations of lovers are expressed in a few words good and true. A token, symbol of their love, is exchanged, one to the other. So it is today. Our dozen couples begin their married lives with promises similar to those exchanged by Colwyn and Lyssa.

The beauty and dignity of Krull, its wedding, its quest, its triumph is the majesty of love and the brotherhood of man. There is no greater romance, no more exciting adventure. The stakes are high. The rewards are life and happiness. The story, the world, the experience is Krull.











